Thomas mas

The Floures of Philosophie

With the Pleasures of Poetrie annexed vnto them, as wel pleasant to be read, as profytable to be followed of all men.

Otiu

SENECA.

Otium sine litteris mors est, & viui hominis sepultura.

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Cum priuilegio.

Robert Leon[illegible]

¶ To the right noble and most vertuous Lady, L. Anne, Countesse of VVarwicke, Hugh Plat wisheth *long life, happie health, with the furtheraunce of* good fortune for the accomplishment of al vertuous affaires.

IF I should seeke to present vnto your Ladieship, some goodly glorious golden gift, that were rare for the excellencie, curious for the workemanship, costly for the collours, and in substaunce most sumptuous: I am sure (for experiēce hath tried it for a truth) that my name should then be remembred in the register of courtious gēlemen. But, as I on the one parte am no common keeper of customes vnlesse reason do more enforce, than vse perswade thereto: neither hauc I such wealth at wil, as to send suche florishing fayrings abrode: so I trust, that you (most renoumed Lady) wel considering of the glorious estate wherevnto nobilitie hath brought you by the assignement of vertue, wil not at this time seeke for so precious a present at my hāds as wold profite you but little in the receiuing, and yet hinder me verie muche in bestowing.

 Wherfore

Wherfore setting apart al such courtly curtesies as do commonly passe interchangeably betwixt noble personages, and crauing your gentle acceptaunce of this my bolde and presumed enterprise, I do here offer vnto your Ladiship, a smal handeful or two, of loose flowers, to be disposed at your discretion, either in garlands to weare on your head, or else in nosgaies to beare in breest about you. I know they will be more sweete for smel, than seemely for sight, and more holesome for the harte, than pleasaunte for the bodie, and yet they are such as our bodies neede not to be ashamed of, seeing our soules are so glad to receiue them. Yea thus much I dare promise for them, and wil stande too the triall thoughe enuie doe gainesay, that if the finest flowers, and moste holesome herbs, that the goodly gardens of Semiramis did bring forth in Babylon, wer compared with these flowers which are here to bee gathered, they would soone lose their name, and be accounted the moste vile and abiect weedes that euer the earth did foster. Wherefore, as they were once most carefully planted in Rome by Seneca, so now I with some paines haue remoued them here into Englande, where I doe not doubte, but that these sweete

ſlips being deepely ſet in the fruteful ſoile of your noble hart, wil ſoone take roote and bring forth fruite in great aboundaunce, to your immortal praiſe and glorie that doth it, and to our greate comforte and ioye that beholde it. And bycauſe the fleſhe is ſo weake and feeble of it ſelfe, that by pleaſure it is eaſily enticed to vanitie, I thinke therefore, it wil not be altogither amiſſe, if that at al times you beare one or other of theſe pleaſaunte flowers in your hande, too that ende, that when any noyſome ſmell of vice doth ſeeke to annoy your ſenſes, then this comfortable poſey being applyed too your harte, may forthwith finde a remedie. But what doe I meane (madame) too directe you intoo that path whiche you haue troden ſo often alreadie? I knowe that you haue firſte receiued vertue euen by diſcente from youre father, that graue and learned Senatour, and nowe ſtill continued the ſame with encreaſe throughe your noble huſbande that martial mirrour of all our age, beſide the towardneſſe that hath bene alwayes in your wel diſpoſed nature, too admitte eache vertue imprinted in your youth. And bicauſe it hath pleaſed the fatall courſe of deſtinies, too appointe you too that place of promotion, where without feare

you may stand in defece of vertue, in troubles, I pray you (ô princely Pallas) *to defende my booke with Ægida, & in quietnesse to assist it with Oliua, and in so doing my poore booke wil be the holder to shew it selfe wheresoeuer it comes, and I shal be bound to pray for the good continuance of that happie estate wherewith God hath blessed you alreadie.*

Your most humble oratour
HVGH PLAT of
Lincolnes Inne.

¶ The description of my Garden, with the sundrie sortes of Flouers that grow most freshly in the same.

To the Reader.

PLAT at length a pleasaunt plotte
offragrāt floures haue foūd
Wherin the swete Carnatiōs
with Roses do abound.
Here springs the goodly Gelofers,
some white, some red in shew,
Here pretie Pinkes with iagged leaues,
on ragged rootes do grow.
The Iohns so sweete in shew and smel,
distinct by colours twaine,
About the borders of their beddes
in seemely sight remaine,
Such vertue haue my Marigoldes,
within their stalkes enrolde,
That Phœbus with his burning beames
cannot their leaues vnfolde.
The double Dayses al in rankes,
about my garden goe,
With comely course of Camomil

that spreadeth too and fro.
In foure square formes, and carued knots
the beds most brauely made,
With bēded boughs do kepe their herbs
within their pleasant shade.
Besides these herbes, there is a vine
within this fertile soile,
Whose grapes out preste, doe make the (tubbes
with Nectar new to boyle,
The trees so sweete with sugred sappe
such famous fruite do beare.
That wasting worms with greedy iawes
their leaues can neuer teare.
In midst of al this worthy worke,
thus framde by science skill.
A maze there is for Ladies all,
with Lords to walke their fil.
It brings them far with crooked pathes,
and turnes them straight againe,
That going much, they thinke thē selues
but little ground to gaine.
But yet in fine, to hoped ende
their restlesse feete aspire,
And open gappe bewrayes it selfe,
to fil their long desire.
Wel, since that art with paines hath met
this featurde forme to frame,

Grudge

Grudge not to ſpend a little quoyne,
in buying of the ſame.
And whē thou haſt my labours bought,
to read for thy repaſt,
Seeke not vpon my ſmelling herbes
to breath thy noyſome blaſt.
A ſwelling ſpider on my floures
ſhew not thy ſelfe to be,
Whoſe poyſon comes frō ſweeteſt herbs
as trial telleth mee,
But learne from ſoure to ſuck the ſwete,
much like the roaming bee,
Which frō the worſt doth take the beſt,
and lets the worſt go free.
So ſhal my paines be wel beſtowde
in planting thee a place,
Where all thy wittes in garden greene,
may runne a ioyful race.

FINIS.

VVith good wil accept this, as I do it ſende,
And pay me with good wil, for good wil I lende,
My labour is little, my cunning is ſmall,
My good wil is greateſt, let that pay for all.

OF A LITTLE TAKE
A LITTLE.

D.

Patet quæ perdit, sed
arcta virtutis via.

The Flowers of *Philosophie.*

THe long absente of friendes maketh their friendshippe more loyfull at the nexte méeting.

2 It is better to be absent, than present at perils.

3 The presence of the minde is to bée preferred before the presēce of the body.

4 When olde friendes haue bin long absent, then new friends do oftentimes steppe in their roume.

5 We neuer knowe how profitable ỳ presence of a thing is, beéfore wée haue felt the losse of it for a time.

6 To abound in all things, and not to knowe the vse of them, is plain penurie.

7 Out of sight, out of minde.

8 Care not how many, but howe good things thou dost possesse.

9 So increase thy stocke, that it be not done with an others vndoing.

10 It is an easie matter to chuse the greatest thing of all, but it is very harde

to vse euen trifles as they ought to be.

11 Our eare must be open to euery accusation.

12 A faulte is far greater in the plaintife than in the defendant.

13 Admonish thy friends secretly, and praise them openly.

14 Vse some fair speech in euery check, bicause those words do sooner pierce the heart which come through a plaine way, than those whiche passe by a rough path.

15 Suffer admonition willingly, and with patience abide thy self to be reprehended.

16 Those precepts take deepest root, which are grafted in yong yeares.

17 Let not youth range abroad, for if he see the yong Mares, he will neigh or bray if he see time.

18 The vigour of youth, doth differ in no point from the flourishing floure.

19 Whilest thou art now yong, remẽber thou shalt once be olde.

20 Learne in youth, that in age thou mayst be the wiser.

21 Thy desires and inclinations in yong yeares, doe manifestly foreshewe

what

what fruite they will bring forth when their age is ripe.

22 Who wil hope for any goodnesse in him, who hath set open the prime of his age to all licentious liuing?

23 The minde in youth being led w̄ sensualitie, doth yeelde vp a moste deformed body to olde age.

24 It is a vaine thing for hym that is olde to require youth agayne.

25 Though old mē seeme nigher vnto deaths doore, yet is youth by a thousande times more prone to his end thā age is.

26 It is great crueltie to vse churlish checkes in ones aduersitie.

27 He hath helpes for aduersitie, that sought them in prosperitie.

28 Not to knowe ones miserye, is to liue without daunger.

29 Prosperitie doth get friendes, but aduersitie tryeth them.

30 I had rather offende with truth thā please with flatterie.

31 Be liberall vnto all men, flatter none, and be familiar with fewe.

32 A fauning friende is a bitter enimie.

33 An adulterous woman is a Sea of all euil.

34 Men by imitation of others, become the same themselues.

35 Strokes betwéene mates are light.

36 Thou shalte make all men equall with thy selfe, if thou neither despise thy inferiors, neither feareſt thy superiors, bicause of thy honeſt and simple dealing.

37 Whileſt the haires be hidden craftily, age bewrayes it selfe.

38 Children are cōpared to the spring time, stripling to sommer season, yong men to Autumne, & olde men to winter.

39 Let them alwayes haue easie acceſſe vnto thée, whose talke is euer tempered with truth.

40 What shal enimies do, when brethren be at variance?

41 A friendly mind is the nyeſt kinred that can be.

42 So strong is the force of affection, that it thinketh all other qualities to be like it selfe.

43 Rule thy affections, leaſt they rule thée.

44 It is a death to the sorrowful man

to linger in life.

45 He that giueth doubtful promise of health to ye afflicted, doth vtterly deny it.

46 The plowman is of small reputation, and yet one of the moste necessary members in the realme.

47 The diceplayer, ye more cunning, the more wicked he is.

48 Please not to hie, for fear of a fall.

49 The ambitious man dothe oftentimes lose that honor whych he had gotten before.

50 The ambition of Potentates is pore mens vndoing.

51 He that hath no friend to kéep him company, is in the wideste and moste fearful wilderneste of the whole worlde.

52 Beléue after friendship, & iudge before friendship.

53 The fault which thou suffereste in thy friend, thou doste commit in thy selfe.

54 As ofte as a man parteth from his friend, so ofte doth he séeme to dye.

55 So account of thy friend now, that thou alwayes remember that it is possible for him to be thine enimie.

56 Shew thy faith to thy friende, and

equitie to all men.

57 Pleasure thy friends, and pray for thy foes.

58 All things are or ought to be common among friends.

59 The pore man hathe no friende to participate his sorrow withall.

70 A man hathe frée choise to beginne loue, but not to end it.

61 The louer being angry, doth flatter himselfe with many lyes.

62 The louer knoweth what he doth desire, but hée knoweth not what hée ought to desire. Loue may wither by little and little, but the rotes thereof can not be plucked vp quite at the first.

63 The louers teares will swne appease his Ladies anger.

64 It is scarce giuen to the Gods to be wise in loue.

65 It is a profite for yongmen, and a faulte for olde men to loue.

66 The best Phisition to heale the louers wound, is she that stroke the blow.

67 Loue and thou shalte be bœloued.

68 Secrete loue doth burne with the fiercest flame.

69 The lofte louer which wil not sub-

mit himselfe, is sone forsaken.

70 To loue and to be lowely, is the next way to get the loue of Ladies.

71 The cough wil sone be heard, and loue bewrayes it selfe.

72 The firste steppe to Wisdome, is not to loue, the second is so to loue that it be not perceyued.

73 An olde man being in loue, is the extreame chaunce of all ill fortune.

74 The loue of wicked persons can neuer be gotten but by wicked meanes.

75 The louer is dead in his own, and liues in an others body.

76 A man that hath ỳ fear of God before his eies, doth always walk in safty.

77 Neuer beléue that whiche a sorrowfull minde doth vtter.

78 The bow that standeth bent, doth neuer cast streight: and the minde that is alwaies slacke, doth neuer proue good.

79 A well disposed mind wil help him that wanders, into the right way.

80 The greatest of worldly things, is a minde despising the greatest thinges.

81 It is no matter with what minde ỳ dost that which is euil to be done, bicause the deedes be seene, and not the minde.

82 It is a lothsome sight to sée a sicke minde.

83 The minde being a pure & perfecte thing, ought to reiect all impuritie and vncleannesse.

84 Euery day is worse thã other, and therfore he that is not fit to mende this day, wil be worse the next.

85 A man shal neuer spende well the day that is present, vnlesse he counte it as the last day of his life.

86 Ours please other men, and other mens please vs.

87 He is twice slaine, that is killed with his owne weapons.

88 Promises forgotten are not alwayes neglected.

89 What a miserable griefe is it to be hurt of him, of whõ we mai not cõplain.

90 It is but a weak sight, that is dim at an others blindenesse.

91 It is an euil pleasure to delight in vsing an other mans goods.

92 He is leaste deceyued, whose suite is denyed quickly.

93 It is harde to kéep that which many do luste for.

94 Count nothing thine own, whych may be taken from thée.

95 The day doeth so dallye with vs, ý we know not what to wish, or what to flée from.

96 He doeth not sone come to ruine, which feareth it before it falleth.

97 Aske nothing that thou wouldest deny, and deny nothing that thou wouldest aske thy selfe.

98 Thinke no place to be without a witnesse.

99 Euery day must be ordered as if it were the last.

100 It is a glorious thing to bestow all thyngs vppon hym whiche desireth nothing.

101 All the matter is what thou arte, & not what thou art counted.

102 The lawyer that pleadeth for a rich and mighty man in a wrong cause, must eyther forsake the truth, or forgoe his friendship.

103 Teaching not folowed, doeth as muche good, as Bookes neuer looked vpon.

104 Whylest thou hast frée liberty to

do what thou wilte, thou mayst easilye know what thou art.

105 He that minds to giue, must not say, wil you haue any?

106 Aptnesse, knowledge, & vse, muste be ioyned togither in the perfection of euery thing.

107 The glorie of the proude is sone turned into ignomie.

108 Knowledge hath no enemie, but the ignorant.

109 A little policie standeth in more steade than a great deale of strength.

110 The couetous carle doth liue miserably, that he may dye wealthy.

111 The couetous wretch neuer doeth good vntil his death.

112 What greater hurt couldest thou wish to a couetous man, than ye he shold liue long?

113 Riot wanteth many things, but couetousnes hath nothing at all.

114 A couetous wretch is good to none, and worse to himselfe.

115 Couetousnesse in olde men is like a folishe Monster, for what can be more folish, than to prouide more money and

victuals

victualles when he is at his iourneyes ende.

116 The couetous man wanteth as wel that which he hath, as that whiche he hath not.

117 To be bold, yea in a good matter, is sometimes euil.

118 Gold guids the globe of the earth, and couetousnesse runnes round aboute with it.

119 Smal helps, if they ioine togither, are very strong.

120 He that may helpe one that is in danger of death, when he doth not help him, he killeth him.

121 All necessaries for warre, are to be prepared before, that thou mayest the sooner ouercome when thou biddest battaile.

122 In iust peace is better than iuste war.

123 Goodnesse althoughe it be troden vnder foote for a while, yet wil it rise again in the end.

124 There be few that be nowe good, which were not first euil.

125 Good mens faultes are not to bee

folowed.

126 Euery little suspitiō wil increase calamitie.

127 He that taketh pittie vppon the afflicted soule, doth wel remember him selfe.

128 It is iniurie to laugh at anothers misery.

129 Vpbrayde no man wyth his myserie, for fortune is common to al men, and thou knowest not what chāce maye ouertake thée before thy death.

130 If chastitie be once loste, there is nothing lefte prayseworthy in a woman.

131 It is an honest deth, to dy in a good cause.

132 Thou shalte graunte thy friende many things for the cause sake, and manye thyngs also to the cause against thy friend.

133 It is better that one worthy Captaine shoulde wante his praise, than that a great many shold lose their liues for it.

134 Learne to kéepe sutal things, or else greater things wil sone decay.

135 The next way to innocēcie, is first to confesse thy fault.

136 The firste stepe or staire to be good, is to know a mans faulte, and the nexte to amende it.

137 In wicked counsels, womēs wits are sharper than mens.

138 He that vseth many mens coūsels is not easily deceiued.

139 The Empire of custome is verye grieuous.

140 A man musste take good aduise of that which he wil once determine.

141 To deliberate for ones profite, is a safe tarying.

142 The contempt of all goodnesse, is the farthest point in al mischiefe.

143 Consider what nature requires, and not howe muche thy affection desireth.

144 Contente thée with that lot that God hath sent thée.

145 It is a faulte as well to beléue all thinges as nothing, but the one is a more honest vice, (if I maye so tearme it) and the other more safe.

146 Many souldiers are the strēgth

and

and sinewes of war.

147 Ouerlate repentaunce foloweth light credite.

148 Mæried crueltie is no clemency.

149 It is as gret crueltie to spare all, as it is to spare none.

150 Much medling hath much sorrow annexed with it.

151 It is a benefite to denye suche thinges as will hurte hym that asketh them.

152 Some men the more they owe, ẏ more they hate, and if the debt be small, they wil be somewhat strange, & if it be great, they will be sworne enimies to their creditours.

153 A woman hath many banketting dishes, if she list to furnishe hir delicate table withall.

154 Fury compelleth vs to follow the worst.

155 Loke not what ful hãds, but how pure hands men do offer vnto God: For if the minde be defiled, then God is dishonoured with the offering.

156 Accustome thy self to beare heauy thinges, that lighter lodes maye be the

lesse burden.

157 Discorde setteth friendes at variance, but cõcord vniteth foes in friendship togither.

158 Let reconciliation come from thée, and dissention procéede from others.

159 Money is good, when the minde can tel how to vse it.

160 Money doth not satisfye the couetous, but make them more hungrie.

161 We muste rule money, and not serue it.

162 Money is thy handmayde, if thou knowe howe to vse it, if not, she is thy mistresse.

163 He that dieth either for money, or luste, doeth manifestlye declare, that he neuer liued for himselfe.

164 What is the greatest riches? not to desire riches.

165 Who hath most? he that desyreth least.

166 Who is pore? he that séemeth to himselfe so to be.

167 Loke wel to that which a rich mã bestoweth vppon thée, for he will soone

come

come to take it away.

168 No man is riche by his byrth, but commeth naked into the world.

169 A teacher of errors, is a disciple of vices.

170 Vse hathe begot me (sayeth Africanus of learning) & memory my mother hath brought me into the world.

171 Sorrow must néeds decrease, whē it hath not wherwithal to increase any longer.

172 Paine doth prouoke euen the Innocent to lye.

173 The pensiue heart hath ouer many cogitations, and yet wanteth more still.

174 If thou cānst chuse, be not sorrowfull, if thou canst not chuse, then shewe not thy selfe to be sorrowfull.

175 When griefe doth approch, if it be smal, let vs abyde it, bycause it is easye to be borne: yet if it be grieuous, let vs beare with it, bicause our glorie shal be the greater.

176 Care not for sorow, it wil eyther dissolue, or be dissolued.

177 How miserable is ý griefe which

can

can vtter nothing in the torment?

178 He that is angry with God for the sorrowe wherewith he is afflicted, doth procure his heauy displeasure vpō him.

179 The Maister that scareth his seruant, is lesse than the seruant himselfe.

180 A gentle Maister maketh negligent seruants, and a cruell Maister maketh them vnwilling to their worke.

181 He is vnworthy to be a Maister ouer other, whiche can not maister himselfe.

182 Make not the Maister known by the house, but the house by the Maister.

183 The victory of the souldiours consisteth in the good counsell of ye captaine.

184 A greate army being withoute a Captaine, is like a vaste body that hath no head.

185 The captain that fleeth first in the field, is worthy to be last rewarded in ye spoile.

186 Much boldnesse turneth it selfe into impudentie at the length.

187 Take not doubtful things for certain, least thou pay for thy folliе in the

end.

188 He hurteth a man that is absent, which striueth with a drunkarde.

189 When wine is in, the wit is out.

190 Almes dedes do more profite the bestower, than the receyuer.

191 Eloquence that hurteth the Orator, is like a sharpe tole, which cutteth the workmans finger.

192 Where there is anye hope of amendes to be loked for, there the firste offence deserueth pardon.

193 The beginning of thinges are in our owne power, but the endes thereof consist in Gods handes.

194 Take away all excuse, for no man sinneth againste his wil.

195 A faulte once excused, is twice committed.

196 If thou louest to liue after examples, be sure to fetche them from those that be good.

197 Good mens examples be true christall glasses of a perfect life, but wicked examples bee false and counterfayte glasses, representing the contrary.

198 Where aptenesse and knowledge is,

is. There exercise wil sone bring to perfectnesse.

199 The banished manne withoute a house to dwell in, is like a dead manne without a grane.

200 A stoute man is neuer in exile.

201 It is better to be banyshed out of countrey with wise men, than abiding in hys countrey, to remayne among fooles.

202 What good thing soeuer thou hast done to one, hope to receiue it of one or other.

203 Inexperienced entiles doe hurte moste.

204 Experience is the mother of wyse.

205 He that is beloued of God, dyeth in his youth.

206 God graunte I dye not withoute the sorowe of my friends (saith Solon).

207 Beware of iesting in a sober company.

208 A good reporte maketh shine moste clearely in the deepest darknesse.

209 If thou desire to be well spoken of, then learne to speake well of others.

and when thou haste learned this, then seeke to doe well, and so thou shalte be sure to get a worthy name.

210 Our good name ought to be more deare than our life vnto vs.

211 It is the greatest grief in ỳ world to dye for hunger.

212 Hunger is the beste and cheapest sauce that we can haue.

213 Neuer be curious vpon thy destiny but do well and meane honestly, and then good lucke shal be sure to entre vpon it.

214 Counterfaite thinges will some turne to their nature.

215 A faire woman with foyle conditions, is a sumptuous sepulchre, that is full of rotten bones.

216 Thou prouokest Fortune to anger, when thou sayst that thou art happye.

217 Thou arte not yet happy, if the common people haue not had thée in derision: for though iniuries haue got thée no enimies, yet envy wil get thée many.

218 Happy is he that is seruant to the happy.

219 No man is alwayes happy.

220 To him that is fortunate, euerye lande is his countrey.

221 A happy man shal haue more cousins and kinsefolkes, than euer he had eyther by his fathers or mothers side.

222 It is good to kepe ones faith, thoughe it be with offence.

223 He that hathe once falsifyed hys faith wherewithal shal he preserue himself any longer?

224 He that hath lost his fayth, hathe nothing more left to him to lose.

225 Neuer begin that thing, whyche thou arte not able to bring to an end.

226 All is well that endes well.

227 Neuer attempte any wicked beginning in hope of a good ending.

228 A beautiful face is a dumb praise.

229 Faire women be daungerous markes for yougmen eies to shoote at.

230 Chose not thy wife by hir beautie, but by hir honesty, for hir good deeds wil remaine, when age hathe taken hir beautie from hir.

231 Reason departeth when women come in place.

232 It is vain to be stout where stoutnesse wil not prevaile.

233 Thou mayst not departe from thy destiny, for why? it hathe besette the rounde aboute.

234 There is no houre so good to one, but that it is as hurtfull to an other.

235 That may happen to any, why che doth happen to one.

236 By the excessiue gaines of wealthy men, Fortune was first made a goddesse.

237 The higher in estate that a mā is, the more nigher he is to a fall.

238 When fortune fawneth, then thee comes to taiche men.

239 Thou shalt sooner finde good fortune than respect.

240 Fortune is not fully pacified whē she hath once reuenged.

241 Fortune is as brittle as the glasse, when she shineth, then is she broken in pēces.

242 Fortune is vnconstant, and wil sone require agame that which she hath once bestowed.

243 A thing is neuer wel done, if Fortune

tune be put in trust with the doing of it.

244 That is not thine, whiche Fortune hath made thine.

245 Euery shadow seemeth an armed man to a theefe in the night time.

245 He that in his life time lived obscurelye, after his death hathe neede of a sumptuous sepulchre.

247 The dog that barketh much, wil bite but little, and the man that vseth to make greate promises, will make but small performances in the end.

248 Temper thy cares otherwhiles with ioy.

249 Weepe with them that weepe, and reioyce with them that reioyce.

250 The nobilitie whiche wee receyue from our auncestors, bicause it commeth not from oure selues, is scarcelye to bee counted as our owne.

251 He that commes of an auncient stocke, and hath no lands to maintaine it, is but a meane Gentleman.

252 It is rather a dispraise than a praise to a wicked man to boaste of his noble parentage.

253 Nothing is more vile than vaine

glorie,

254 If thou hast deserued glorie, take it when it is giuen thee, but seeke not for it, before it be offered.

255 He that desireth Glory, hathe no great regard to any danger approching.

256 The noble captains, though their bodies be buried in the dusse, yet their glory shal keepe their names in remembrance vpon earth for euermore.

257 Howe harde a thing is it, to keepe the glorie which thou hast gotten already.

258 Thou doest well to praise thy parentes, and thine inferiours, bycause it pertayneth to thine owne praise.

259 He that doth thankfully receiue a benefite, hath paide the firste pension of it already.

260 He that mindes to be thankefull, dothe straightway thinke vppon recompence, when he receyueth a benefite.

261 A thing is twice as acceptable if it come from a free heart.

262 Vnlesse thou winne newe praise, thy olde aces are also forgotten.

263 It is a valyant thing to be praise worthy

worthy, and yet not to be praised.

264 One begger beyng vnthankfull, doth hinder and hurte all the reste of his company.

265 Many heires do wæpe outwardly, and laugh inwardly at their fathers death.

266 Vntimely laughter dothe oftentimes worke hatred.

267 What is the greatest enimy that man hathe, man himselfe,

268 It is a griefe that pincheth a man at the hart, to sée them that be lesse worthy to be preferred to honor before him.

269 Thou mayest not be iniurious to thy guests, althoughe sometimes they offer thée occasion to be angrie.

270 A stranger ought alwayes to behaue himselfe modestly wherefoeuer hée commeth.

271 A smoothe enimy is poysoned hony.

272 When an vnworthy man is preferred to promotion, he is preferred to his owne shame.

273 The prosperity of euil men is the calamitie of the good.

274 No man wil confesse himselfe to be wicked, be he neuer so faultie.

275 Suffer that which doth hurt, that thou mayest also abide that whith profiteth.

276 It is al one in effect to laye a heauy burthen vppon a weary man, and to commit waighty matters to a foles disposition.

278 The vnlearned for the most part, be quicke of tongue and slowe of vnderstanding.

279 It is best for him to sit still and do nothing, that neuer hathe any good successe in his matters whithe he taketh in hande.

280 Then is mischiefe at his full ripenesse, when as filthy thinges be not only delightful in ye hearing, but also moste pleasant in the practise: and there is no remedy to be hoped for, whereas those things which were vices before, are now counted as vertues.

281 A sore and sodain mischance doth set men in a furie.

282 Good wittes are hindered with shamefastnesse, and peruerse wittes are

holdned with impudencie.

283 Euen they which do wrong themselues, are loath to receyue an iniurie at other mens handes.

284 He that doeth wrong bycause hee can do it, wil some leaue off, bycause hee hath done it.

285 He threatneth many, that hurteth one.

286 No man will some euer entre into fauour with his sworne enimie.

287 Speake none euill by thine enimy, although thou think some.

288 That enimie is most to be feared that lurketh in our bosome.

289 It is the point of a wise man to feare his enimie thoughe he be neuer so simple.

290 More and grieuous are the enimities of the higher powers.

291 None but the innocent is worthie hope for good in his enimy.

292 It is a ridiculous, nay rather it is a lamentable thing, thoroughe hatred whyche we beare to the guiltie, to raze away the innocent also.

293 He

293 He seekes to be in a wilderness, that woulde live among innocents.

294 The envious man though slowly, yet secreatly conceyueth displeasure.

295 Envy speaketh that whiche commeth nerte to minde, and not that whyche it ought to speake.

296 If thou doest not envy, thou shalt be greater, for he that envies is lesse.

297 Doest thou know what envy is? it is nothing else but a grief of the mind at an others prosperitie.

298 The envious man is somewhat quiet with the which are of his acquaintance, but he is very earnest against ye strangers.

299 Envy do the alwayes accompany Vertue.

300 Glory in the ende ereceth that, which Envy in the beginning did seme to depresse.

301 Excessiue glorie doth quite extinguishe Envyen.

302 Envy presseth alwayes to the highest.

303 Take away Occasion, and Envy is sone quiet.

304 Enuye shoteth at others, but it woundeth it selfe.

305 He that holdeth a man againste his wil, enforceth him to go away without leaue.

306 Anger is sone buried in a good mans breaste.

307 A man oughte not to lende a furious man a weapon, but rather to take it from him if he hade any.

308 Anger and power meeting togither in one man, is more fierce than any thunderbolte.

309 A man seemeth to be oute of his body, when he is angry.

310 Flee from the furious for a while, but keepe thee a long time from thine enimie.

311 He ouercommeth a stout enimie, that ouercommeth his anger.

312 The angry man meditating vpō mischiefe, thinketh that he hathe good counsell in hand.

313 The furious man is alwayes heankening after frayes.

314 The minde that is accustomed to shine, wil be offended in a light matter.

315 Anger

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314 The minde that is accustomed to shine, will be offended in a light matter.

315 Anger

315 Anger makes a man to differ from himselfe.

316 An angrie man hathe moze néde of a loking glasse, than he that is newe trimmed in a Barbers shop.

317 We are oftentimes angrye, not with those onely that haue hurte vs alreadye, but with those also wheche wée feare wil hurt vs hereafter.

318 There is no false counsell to be taken of an angry man.

319 The therfe is worthye to lose hys money, that bestoweth it vppon the Iudge.

320 He is a good Iudge which knoweth how and where to distribute.

321 He that sleeth iudgement, confesseth himselfe to be faultie.

322 It is a lore sentence that is done without iudgement.

323 The Iudge is condemned when the guiltie are pardoned.

324 Men which be in fauour shal haue fauourable iudgement.

325 Iustice hath an eye that sleeth euery wrong, though she winketh at it.

326 So behaue thyselfe, that no man

haue

haue iuste cause to hate

327 Remember that

wrong.

328 When the wicked n.

graue his othe in the water.

329 Whilest thou takest th.

God in vaine, doe not thinke tho.

escape vnpunished.

330 Flee from often swearing, though it be in a iuste cause.

331 A swift chariot being drawn with slowe horses, wil neuer ridde the waye apace, no more will the iuste procéede in iustice, if vniust men be ioyned in iudgement with them.

332 If thou wilte be perfectlye iuste, thou must not onely abstaine from hurt thy selfe, but also hinder others as much as thou canst from hurting.

333 The reward of Iustice shall not perishe.

334 Hée is not iuste whiche doeth no hurte, but he, whiche when he maye, yet he wil not hurte.

335 He that hath liued iustely muste nedes dye honestly.

336 In doyng of Iustice thou shalte

haue

ting hande to set thée for-

nners be a pretious pos-

hope of a rewarde is a great
vnto labour.

Immoderate labours do weaken
body, but a temperate kinde of exer-
cise confirmeth the same.

340 Great labors must sometimes be
eased with light pastimes.

341 The Rose growetb vpon thornes,
and the hardest labours bring forthe the
swætest profites.

342 As brightnesse is to rustinesse, so
is labour in comparison to idlenesse.

343 How pleasant is the remembrace
of their labors vnto learned men.

344 Praise will neuer agree with lea-
cherie.

345 We must chose those bookes whi-
che be as necessary for the profite, as de-
lectable for the pleasure.

346 It is better to take learning
with leysure, than being tw grædye to
surfet vpon it.

347 It is no mattre howe manye or
few.

few, but howe good bookes thou hasse.

348 It is an vniuersall lawe, whyche commaundeth to be borne, and to dye.

349 The offender feareth the law, but the innocent feareth fortune.

350 Good laws did first procéede of corrupted maners.

351 The lawes doe bere the meaner sorte of men, but the mightie are able to withstande them.

352 The lawe is a strong and forcible thing, if it get a good Prince to execute it.

353 Where might commes in place, there right can haue no rule.

354 An euill Lawyer dothe subuerte good lawes.

355 Through many demurrers much law is altered.

356 The minde may be at perfecte libertie, thoughe the body be fettred wyth yrons.

357 That is a worthy Booke whyche hath both good argument to commende the eloquence, and good eloquence to set out the argument.

358 Lawlesse Lordes doe liue as they

lick.

359 As wines and ointments, the older they are, the better they are: so books the more auncient they be, they are of better credite,

360 He that loues to heare a lye, lette him go to the Barbers shops.

361 A true Tailor is hard to be found.

362 There is deceite in all occupations but Apoticaries.

363 The deceitful Draper wil be sure to haue his light come in at a dim windowe.

364 When foles go to market, then wise folkes get money.

365 It is harde to wiue and thriue in one yeare.

366 One drop of a Masons browe is worth a great deale of money.

367 Loue taketh his light at the eyes, but it kindles in the heart.

368 There is a smal diuersitie betwixt not doing of a thing, and so doing of it, that no man can perceiue it.

369 Be wise in mirthe, leaste follie bring sorrow.

370 Leacherie is a common euill, and

occu-

occupieth many mens mindes: and he is accounted moste chaste that is most wary in it.

271 Keepe in thy tongue with the banke of Reason, leaste it chance to flow ouer.

371 We talke most willingly of those thigs which our hart doth most lust for.

371 He that will not speake in his anger, is compared to a Dogge that byteth without barking.

372 An vnquiet tongue is a disease that shaketh one worse than the Palsey.

373 Neuer truste hym that carryeth two heades in one hode.

374 A haste tongue makes the mind to repent at leysure.

375 We haue two eyes, two eares, and but one tongue, to that end that we should see and heare more thã we should speake,

376 A dumbe shrew hath alwayes an angry loke.

377 The tongue is but a small member, and yet it doth more hurt oftẽtimes than the whole body besides.

378 A good tong is the beste member,

and an euill tong is the worste member that a man can haue.

379 Kéepe thy tongue, and kéepe thy friende.

380 The Schoolehouse oughte to be a sanctuarie againste feare.

381 A man may chaunge the ayre by trauelling into farre countreys, but hée shall neuer change his minde.

382 The pore folkes fall to cursing, but the Lawyers take money in the meane time.

383 The couetous man whileſt hée heapeth more gooes togither, he doeth not enioy those whiche hée hathe alreadye.

384 Teares are the only fruit of wéeping.

385 Menne take a certaine pleasure in wéeping, when they lamente the losse of their beste beloued friendes.

386 Solon hauyng buryed hys sonne did wéepe very bitterly, to whome when one did saye, that his teares were all in vaine: euen for this cause, saide he, I do wéepe the more, bycause I can not profite with wéeping.

387 He hath a harde heart that neuer lamenteth, and he hath a womans hart that alwayes sorroweth the death of his friendes.

388 Gaine gotten with an ill name, is a great losse.

389 One man doth not gaine without an others losse.

390 Some menne are wise in money matters, and stark fooles in euery thing besides.

391 A little gold wil do more in lawe, than a greate deale of loue.

392 Gold hath a good sauour thoughe it be gotten with the filthiest occupation that is.

393 An office ought neuer to be bestowed on him that seekes to buy it for hys money.

394 That magistrate is more to bee commended, whiche had rather correcte than hang the offenders.

395 A woman is a necessarie euill.

366 It is good and profitable for vs to treade in the steppes of our auncestors, if they haue gone in a right path before vs.

397 We praise the good deedes of oure forefathers, but yet wee followe those thinges most, which are moste vsuall in our times.

398 If it be the fashion now adayes, be it good, be it ill, it is sufficiente, and muste not be argued againste.

399 A false reproch is a wilfull lye.

400 A preatie quip when it is expounded doth oftentimes grieue a man more than it did before.

401 He that is disposed to doe some mischiefe, shall neuer want occasions.

402 It is good to take heede by an other mans hurte.

403 Loke before thou leape, leaste thou chaunce to lye in the myre.

404 The wilfull man doeth feede and liue by his owne corrupted nature.

405 The remembrance of euill things is to be obserued by the contemplation of good things.

406 If an euil be plucked vppe by the rootes, then it groweth no more.

407 It is good and necessary to know what maye be gotten oute of euill thinges.

408 Will he

408 Who can be more vnfortunate, than he whiche of necessitie muste nedes be euill.

409 Whosoeuer he be that spareth ỳ euill, he hurteth the good.

410 It is a praise to bée dispraised of the wicked, and it is a dispraise to bée praised of them.

411 When wicked men be in all their iolitie, then some misfortune commes knocking at the doore.

412 When the euil man would séeme to be good, then is he worste of all.

413 He is euil that doth willingly associate himselfe with euil men.

414 O thrice vnhappy man is he whiche can not be content to doe euill hymselfe, but is a Maister of mischiefe vnto all other.

415 A good sentence procéeding from a wicked mannes mouth, dothe léese hys grace.

416 The progenie of the wicked, althoughe it be not wholy infected, yet it will sauour somewhat of the fathers filthinesse.

417 A common lyar is not beléeued,

though he tel the truth.

418 Wine and Women be the vndoers of many Gentlemen.

419 Trust not a wanton eye in a woman, for it hath most commonly a whorish heart annexed with it.

420 When wicked menne reioice, it is a signe of some tempeste approching.

421 It is the corruption of the good to kéepe company with the euill.

422 Reioice as often as thou dost despise the euil, and persuade thy selfe that their euil opinion of thée is a moste perfecte praise.

423 Ill men be more hastie, than good men be forward, to prosecute their purpose.

424 Gentlenesse makes euery house happy or quiet wheresoeuer it commes.

425 By clemencie the Prince dothe steale the peoples hearts vnto him, and by crueltie he purchaseth their déepe displeasures.

426 The Citie that is gouerned with stout men, néedeth no walles.

427 Mathematical heads for the most

parte

part are singular.

428 The chaste matrone by obeying hyr husbandes wyll, hathe rule ouer him.

429 Often mariage is reprochful.

430 There are two speciall vertues required in a wyse, loue towardes hyr husband, and chastitie towards al men, these two being present, and permanēt within hir, all other discommodities whatsoeuer, are easie to be borne, and without these, all things else are miserable and vnhappy.

431 When thou goest a wooyng marke howe thy neyghbours haue sped before thée.

432 Thou shalt be a God to thy selfe, if thou chaunce vpon a rich wife.

433 It is méete for louers to preferre maners before money, and honestie before beautie.

434 Account thy selfe to be a seruaunt in the worlde, when thou arte once married.

435 The mariage of a wife will sone carry a man to repentaunce.

436 Be long in knitting this knot, for

whē it is once knit, it can neuer be loſed.

437 The pacient being vnruly, maketh the Phiſition more cruell.

438 The theefe is hanged that killeth but one man, and the Phiſition eſcapeth which killeth a thouſande.

439 Phiſitions wiſhe for ſickneſſe, for that is their onely liuing.

440 Many maiſters mighte well bee ſcholers, & many ſcholers might well be Maiſters.

441 Poore men are moſte healthfull, and yet they vſe leaſte phiſicke.

442 A prattling Phiſition is an other diſeaſe to the ſicke man.

443 Chuſe not a learned Doctour by his great cappe, neither yet a wiſe Phiſition by his veluet coate.

444 Euerye theefe hathe hys receyuer, and euerye Phiſition his Apotica-rie.

445 The needy Phiſition will vſe a lingering ſalue when hee hathe a riche manne in cure, and as for the poore, if hee haue no money, he ſhall ſoone bee diſpatched either one way or other.

446 Medicines be no meate to lyue on.

on.

447 Phisitions loke first whether the gold be good, and then they loke on the water.

448 The Apoticaries bicause they wil seeme to want nothing, they oftentimes giue a man an other kind of salue than that which he asked for.

449 Thinke not that euery faire bore is full of good ointment, that standes in the Apoticaries shoppes.

450 Keepe in the middest, for that is the safest way.

451 The remembrance of our former follies wil worke some wisedome in vs by experience at the length.

452 A great head and a little wit, is like a huge Tunne that is halfe empty.

453 Empty vessels wil sounde louder than those which be ful and witlesse heades are more occuppyed than those whiche are ful of discretion.

454 It is some dispraise to a man to be faire, and to a woman to be foule.

455 If thou lackest beautie, recompence it with good cõditions, and so thou

shalt

shalt be most beautiful to al.

456 The remembraunce of a thing wil sone passe out of our memorie, if it be not often renued.

457 A man shall sooner remember a foolish tale, than a godly sermon.

458 The memorie is like a net which holdeth the great things, and letteth the smal come through.

459 Memorie is the treasure or storehouse of al things.

460 Manye thynges are kepte alyue and fresh by the memorie of man, which of theyr owne nature wyll sone decay.

461 Whē ther is a shew of some likelyhod in a lye, then doth it sooner deceiue vs.

462 The spider weaueth his web out of himselfe, so some do coyne lyes out of their own mint.

463 A fable is the shadowe of a truth.

464 If thou arte constrayned to lye, exercise it not in the defence of a false matter, but of a true.

465 Light heades and sharpe wits be

most apt to inuent a smooth lye.

466 He ought to shewe himselfe modest, whych fedes at another mans table.

467 A souldiour now a days is scarsly counted a souldiour, vnlesse he be of a notorious liuing.

468 A suspected theefe wil soon be tript in his tale.

469 The beggers crutch serueth hym to leane on in the day time, and to fight with in the night time.

470 It is in vaine to intreate him ye cannot help vs.

471 The cause is nought that muste be pitied.

472 We haue pitie vpon the offeders case, and not vpon his cause.

473 Pity is an aulter of refuge for the afflicted.

474 Be equall vnto all in mynde, thoughe thou be aboue all in substance.

475 Quiet manners are a signe of a healthful minde.

476 We loue not to tarye for anye thing, yet by staying for the moste parte things are done more warely.

477 Haſtineſſe ſeemes verye ſlow in accompliſhing of the thing that we deſire.

478 That which is done ſlowly is neuer done willingly.

479 Haſt makes waſte, and therfore let euery thing haue his due time.

480 It is a pleaſãt tarying, that ſtayeth from euil doing.

481 Lõg tarying many times makes a man to forget his meſſage.

482 The inward griefe of the minde, is more grieuous thã the outward pain of the bodie.

483 It is a lothſome ſight to ſee a ſick minde.

484 Good nurture and bringing vp, maketh good maners.

485 Quiet perſons are not ſubiecte to opprobrious tongs.

486 It is a deadly feare to liue in dãger of death.

487 The fear of deth doth more trouble vs, than death it ſelfe.

488 It is a good death to dye to ſinne, and it is a good life to lyue to righteouſneſſe.

489 It is ill to dy when a man loueth his life to wel.

490 So liue, as though thou shouldest die presently, so dy as though thou woldest liue eternally.

491 The sooner we dye it is the better for vs, for we shal haue the lesse care, and the more ioy.

490 He that bestoweth oughte vppon a deade carkase, giueth hym nothing at all, but taketh awaye something frō himself.

493 There is nothing more certaine than death, and nothing more vncertain than the houre of death.

794 A man muste nēdes die, but not as oft as he wil.

495 No man dyeth more willinglye, than he that hath liued most honestly.

496 While we sēke to prolong oure life we are preuented by some sodayne death.

497 He is more to be borne wythall, which biddeth vs to dye, than he that willeth vs to liue wickedly.

498 It is no maruel if he whiche was before mortal, be now dead.

499 He is not to be prayſed whiche hath lyued long, but he whiche hath liued wel.

500 Men while they flée deathe, they follow it.

501 He feareth nothing that feareth not to die.

502 He which hath determined to dye can hardly be hindered.

503 We dye more wicked than wée were borne.

504 Performe this before thy deathe: let thy vices dye before thée.

505 A woman is at the beſt when ſhe ſheweth hir ſelfe openly to be euil.

506 To rule a womans wil, is to deſpaire of al things.

507 In diueliſh deuiſes women gette the vpper hand.

508 Wo be to hym that is robbed, if a womanne be one in the théues companie.

509 A woman ý muſeth alone, muſeth vpon miſchiefe.

510 A woman that hathe bin maryed to many, can hardly pleaſe many.

511 It is a womanly part to be furious

in

in anger.

512 An vnchaste woman being beautiful, doth slay yong men with hir countenaunce.

513 It is an easie matter to deceiue a woman, but how much more it is easier, so muche is it more vnseemely.

514 A woman doth most couet for that which is most denyed hir.

515 Many women do long before their time that they maye liue more daintily.

516 He y will thriue must rise at flue; he that hath thriuen may lye till seauen, but he that will neuer thriue may lye till eleuen.

517 Some leaue thrifte and fal to husbandry.

518 Some thriue in the world that had nothing to begin the worlde, and others prouie beggers that had gowdly patrimonies left them.

519 He that will thriue wyll begynne to spare in the firste yeare of hys mariage.

520 It is pitie that those women sholo not be wel beaten whiche long to beate their husbands.

521 A womans tong, & an aspen leafe are alwayes mouing.

532 In sudain chances womens wits are more ready than mens.

533 A womans minde is vncertayne, which hath as many new deuises as the trée hath leaues: for she is alwayes desirous of change, and seldome loueth him hartily, with whō she hath bin long conuersant.

534 Trust not a womā when she weepeth, for it is in hir nature so to do.

535 It is a shame for a woman to bée conuersant amongst yong men.

536 An ill cause hath néede of a good Orator.

537 He that knoweth not how to bée stow a benefite, doth vniustly aske it.

538 He receiueth a benefit in the giuing of it, whiche giueth it to a worthy man.

539 He selleth his liberty that taketh many benefits.

540 He ý talketh & telleth of his benefits bestowed, doth aske them againe.

541 He that giueth often, teacheth to render somewhat again at the laste.

532 He bindeth al men by his benefits which bestoweth them vpon such as do wel deserue them.

533 To whom thou hasse often giuen when thou once denyest, thou commandest him to steale from thée.

534 The liberal mã doth dayly séeke out occasions to put his vertue in practise.

535 What is it to giue benefits? euen to imitate God.

536 The memorie of a benefit doeth sone vanyshe awaye, but the remembraunce of an iniurie sticketh fast in the heart.

536 The vnthankefulnesse of one man ought not to hinder our liberalitie towards al other men.

536 The Mone doth shewe hir light in the worlde, whyche sye receyueth from the Sunne: so we ought to bestow the benefites receyued of GOD to the profitte and commoditie of our neyghbours.

537 Though the giuer make neuer so great hast, yet his benefits come to late, if they haue once bin asked for.

538 It is double griefe to aske that againe which we haue once obtayned.

539 A gifte whiche procedeth from a harde man with muche adoe, is a stony loafe.

540 Let vs take no vsurie in our gifts: he is worthye to be deceyued whyche thinketh vpon receiuing, when he is in bestowing.

541 He that is minded to be liberal to the common sort of men, must lese many gifts, that he may bestowe one to some purpose.

542 This is a lawe that shoulde alwayes be obserued betwixte the giuer and the receiuer, that the one shoulde straightway forget the benefit, and the other should alwayes haue it in remembrance.

543 Let him holde his peace that gaue the reward, and let him be telling of it that receiued it.

544 Muche musike mareth mens maners.

545 Musike is a present remedie to the afflicted soule.

546 Wickednesse that commeth to na-

ture nédeth no teacher.

547 He kepeth alwayes at one staye that doth take nature for his guide, and he whiche followeth Arte, will disagrée from himselfe in the end.

548 It is a hard matter to bring a croked nature to straightnesse.

549 It is an extreame vertue, whiche necessitie by force doeth wrest out of a man.

550 Suffer that with patience whiche thou canst not auoyde, and be not offended at it.

551 It is méere folly for a man to feare that which he cannot shun.

552 The true nobilitie is a noble mind whiche as yet hathe neuer bene stayned with any one spotte of treason.

553 Chaunce and varietie of thyngs throughe the desire whiche we haue of newnesse doth verie oft hinder the common wealth.

554 Farre trauellers may tell lyes by authoritie.

555 An honest and vpright man is alwayes noble.

556 A good life is the readiest waye to

a good name.

557 The night and solitarinesse be the two Inkeepers of al vnhappinesse.

558 All things the night, good thinges the day doth haunte and vse.

559 The slaue obeieth against his wil, and the seruant serueth willingly.

560 Chiding not vsed as it oughte to be, is as a medicine that is laide to a sore, and greueth without helping.

561 It is good to forgette that thing sometimes which a man knowes.

562 The forgetfulnesse of a mannes owne euils doth holden him very much.

563 Muche hatred dothe oftentimes lurke vnder a faire countenaunce, yea oftentimes vnder a swete kisse.

564 Do not onely feare but also hate to doe euil.

565 Hidden hatred is more dangerous than open enmitie.

566 It is a wicked thing to hurte bycause thou hatest, but it is far more wicked bycause thou hast hurte, therefore to hate!

567 Though thou neuer deserued hatred, yet there be manye that will hate

thee.

568 Malice drinketh vp the greatest parte of his owne poyson.

569 That hatred is deadlye, whiche hath once beene buryed, and now by iniuries is reuiued againe.

570 There is no hatred to be compared with thet whiche is betwixte those that haue bin faithful friends before.

571 Seeing thou art mortall, beare no immortall hatred vnto any.

572 A small offence beeing often reuiued, doth work some greeuous displeasure in the ende.

573 It is better to be wel thoughte of than to be accounted for a riche man.

574 Lette euery opinion of thine be a perfect iudgement.

575 When men haue an ill opinion of one, then is his credite crackte already.

576 The suspected man that hathe an ill name, is halfe hanged before he come to iudgement.

577 Nature hath hidden the pretious stone in the bowels of the earth, whereas vile thinges, and of no reputation are euerye where to bee founde: so

trifles are easye to come by, when learned matters muste be digged dæpely for.

579 Out of many the beste mē, & out of the beste men, the beste things are to be chosen.

580 Hard things are hard to be obtained, but lighte things doe offer themselues.

581 Meane things are moste in number, and where is excellencie, there is scarsitie.

582 Flattering speech hath his poyson with it.

583 Thinke thy selfe a good Orator, if thou canst perswade thy selfe to do that which thou oughtest.

584 Fierce wordes and gentle dædes, are like a foule cloude that is driuen away with faire weather.

585 The dog that barketh muche, byteth but little, and the greatest boasters be the least doers.

589 Bring vp thy seruaunt tenderlye, and thou shalt make him thy maister in the end.

590 Couet not to seeme better than

thou arte, for the thing that swelleth, doth ofte breake in peces.

591 Many wish that they had learned, but fewe do seeke to learne.

592 No worthy acte can be accomplished without labour.

593 Idlenesse is the mother of al mischiefe: take hir away, & Cupids brandes be swne put out.

594 What safetie shall he looke for abroad, which hathe no assurauncе of his life in his owne house?

595 Loue thy parentes if they be iust and godly, and if they be otherwise, yet beare with them for natures sake.

596 Obey thy parentes, loue thy kinsfolkes, and hate no man.

597 A gentle father bringeth vp a curst childe.

598 Hope, yea assure thy selfe of good successe in all thy affaires, if thou giue the reuerence to thy parentes whiche is due vnto them.

599 Thou hasse liued long ynough, if thou hasse liued to releeue the necessitie of thy fathers olde age.

600 When thy father wareth olde, re-

member the good deedes that hée hathe done to thée when thou wast yong.

601 It is too late to spare at ỳ bottome for there both the leaste & also the worste is lefte.

602 Patience is the beste remedye of all euils.

603 Patience oft prouoked with iniuries, doth turne into furie at the laste.

604 This seemeth to me a verye good and profitable counsell, to wishe for the best, to thinke vpon the hardest, and pacientlye to suffer whatsoeuer dothe chaunce.

605 Hée that denyeth himselfe to his countrey is in banishement already.

606 Wheresoeuer a man liues well, there is his countrey.

607 Pouertie maketh men to try many things.

608 Necessitie breaketh thorough the stony wall.

609 Had I wisse commes too late.

610 Help thy friendes necessitie, yea rather méete it in the comming, that it may not ouertake him.

611 Riches are painefull to the foolish,

and

and pouertie is pleasant to the wise.

612 Pouertie that conteteth is great riches.

613 He is neuer poze that hath a riche minde.

614 There is no faulte to be found in pouertie, but in the poze man.

615 Glad pouertie is no pouertie.

616 He is not poze that hath little, but he that desireth moze.

617 Care not foz pouertie, no manne doth liue so barely as he was bozne: and is it not a shame to be bozne hardly, and liue daintily?

618 That thing is neuer too often repeated, which is neuer learned ynough.

619 To lyue pozely and honestly, is better than to liue richly and wickedly.

620 It is giuen onely to the wise man to be content in pouertie.

621 Poze mens reasons are of no force in these dayes, be they neuer so true.

622 Be at peace with men, and at war with vices.

623 Concozde maketh small things to encrease, but discozde bzingeth greate things to decay.

623 It is a double offence to offende a fole in his follie.

624 Custome maketh euerye vice to sæme a vertue.

625 He that letteth a faulte slippe vnpunished, is as dæpe in as the offender.

626 He that worketh wickednesse by on other, worketh it by himselfe.

627 An Englishe man Italianated is a Diuel incarnate.

628 No perfection is durable.

629 The ignorance of the perfect end, hath caused so manye sectes of Philosophers.

630 The more that one feares, the sooner he shal be hurte.

631 It is a point of great wisedome in a man, not rashly to aduenture himself vppon daungers as thoughe they were good, but rather to prepare himselfe for them as thoughe they were easye to bée borne.

632 Lette him that sæketh his neighbours ouerthrowe or vndoyng, be sure that there is a plague prouided for himselfe.

633 Doe that willingly whiche thou

canst do, and deny that modestly which thou canst not doe.

634 Some men loue to haue an oare in other mens boates, and yet will commit their own shippe to the winde and weather.

635 Do thou speake, and lette others iudge, for no mã can esteeme of his owne doings.

636 Eloquent termes are not required of a sounde Philosopher.

637 Looke for some hygher callyng when thy childishe affections be laide away, and Philosophie hathe made thee accompted amongst the number of men.

638 Sage sayings in Philosophie are more holsome to the heart, than delightfull to the eare.

639 Eloquent Sermons tickle the eares, but they neuer enter deepe into the heart.

640 It is an vnhonest victorie that is gotten by the spoyle of a mannes owne countrey.

641 Anger is like to a cloude that maketh euery thing seeme bigger than it is.

642 Ye oughte to punish the malefactors

for that dothe not thirste and long for reuengement.

643 Rash iudgement maketh haste to repentance.

644 Be sure to performe thy couenant, if thou hast guaged thy faith for it.

645 In Poets there bée both holsome and hurtfull things.

646 All things be frée to Painters and Poets.

647 Poetrie is not to be neglected, though some haue abused it, but we must reade it warely, that it mayes be made more profitable.

648 Because many things are ouershadowed in Poetrie, therefore euill things being well handled, do oftetimes delight vs exceedingly.

649 I wouldo neuer seeke to please the people saith Seneca for those things I knowe, they wil not allowe of, and those things whiche they allowe of, I knowe not at all.

650 The common people is a monstrous body hauyng manye heades, and many tongues.

651 What matter is it howe muche

thou haste: that is much more whyche thou wantest.

652 He that knoweth not so muche as he ought to know, is a beast among mē: he that knoweth so muche as he oughte to knowe, is a man amongst beasts: and he that knoweth more than he oughte of necessitie to knowe, is a God amongst menne.

653 It is a pestiferous force that worketh without wisedome.

654 He is a vaine-glorious fole that sheweth his strength where he nedeth not.

655 A sharpe witte not instructed, is like a fertile grounde neuer ploughed.

656 When a Gentlemanne weares a gorgeous payre of hose, and hathe not a man to waite on him, it is a signe that ẽ servants wages be put in the Maisters breches.

657 He that spendeth much and hathe but small liuing to maintaine it, is neuer like to leaue his sonne a Gentlemā.

658 Some men will doe a thing in a brauerie if they bee dissuaded from it, where as by no persuasions they

will

will be moued vnto it.

659 Gods eares are alwayes open to iuste mens prayers.

660 If these few words (this is mine, and that is thine) were taken awaye, all men shoulde liue in quiet.

661 Learne before thou teache.

662 Take good aduise before thou promise any thing, but when thou hast once promised, then performe it.

663 Promise little & performe much, and so thy benefites will be much more thankfully receyued.

664 This is the ouerthrowe and vtter subuersion of many countries, when the stout man is no more esteemed than the rowarde.

665 Where fooles are had in reuerẽce, and wisemen neglected, there the common wealth will sone come to confusion.

666 In prosperitie think vpon aduersitie, and in aduersitie hope for prosperitie againe.

667 One Nestor is worthe tenne of Aiax.

668 Strength wanting witte and po-

licie

licie to rule, it doth ouerthrowe it selfe.

669 To make that thing proper to one whiche before was common to all, is the beginning of discorde.

670 The pure cleane witte of a swéet yong babe, is like the newest waxe, most apt to receyue the beste and fairest printing, and lyke a newe bright siluer dishe to receyue and kéepe cleane anye good thing that is put into it.

671 The people are delighted with eloquence, but yet they are ruled by reason.

672 Nature guideth beasts, but reason ruleth the hearte of man.

673 A quiet and peaceable Empire is like to the pure Heauens that bée as cleare as Christall.

674 Wilte thou be Imperious? beholde I giue thée a greate charge, learne to rule thy selfe.

675 When thou haste gotten a kyngdome, make thy selfe worthye of it.

678 Euery man can some espye oute a faulte, but fewe can, or at the least none wil amend it.

679 When vsuall medicines wil not

profite, then trie some contrary phiske.

680 Men had rather be denyed at the firste, than deceyued afterwarde when they are promised.

681 Many hands make light worke.

682 Where euery man is for himself, there the common wealth muste nedes come to ruine.

683 Silence is the best answeare that can be giuen to folish questions.

684 The King as he is of a great calling, so hath he also a great charge.

685 Like Prince, like subiectes.

686 The Prince that is feared of many muste nedes feare many.

687 He is deceiued that thinketh a King to be long in saftie.

688 The Prince doth neuer get anye praise by ouersharpe corrections.

689 It is no lesse discredite to a prince to haue destroyed many of his subiectes, than to a Phisition to haue killed many sicke men.

690 The prince by often pardoning, will make a man at length ashamed of sinne.

691 The anger of Princes is like a fierce

fierce thunderbolte, that feareth al men, and yet hurteth but fewe.

692 Firste let the King liue according to the law himselfe, and then let him sée the lawe executed vpon other.

693 A King oughte to haue as muche care of his subiectes, as of himselfe.

694 The Prince is like the Sunne, whiche can neuer stande still withoute greate hurte vnto all men.

695 The dissention of Orators maketh the estate of the Citie more safe.

696 That whiche maine strength can not bring to passe, witte by pollicie will sone dispatche.

997 He shotes like a Gentleman, that shotes faire and farre off.

698 Shote alwayes, but shote not all away.

699 He is halfe whole that wil suffer himselfe to be cured.

700 By others faultes the wise man correcteth his owne offence.

701 Wisedome is a noble treasure, alwayes hating a couetous possessour, and will sone decay if it be not occupyed.

702 He is wise that speaketh fewe things, but yet al to the matter.

703 If thou wouldest be accounted a wise Officer, then suffer not good wittes to come to promotion.

704 The wise manne neuer marketh who it is that speaketh, but what it is that is spoken.

705 There is small difference betwéene a worldly wise man, and a stark fole.

706 He is not wise, that is not wise for himselfe.

707 It is the part of a wise man to be stedfaste, and not wauering in opinions.

708 There is a fulnesse in all things.

709 One wickednesse ought not to be recompenced or reuenged with an other.

710 It is better to destroy the wickednesse it selfe than the wicked man.

711 Excessiue crueltie is not easily beléued.

712 Know al things, but kéep the best.

713 That whishe thou wouldest haue kepte in secrete, tel no man of it.

714 Olde men for the moste part haue an easie death.

715 A yong wise man is better than a doting fole.

716 The olde man oughte to remember his age by his good deedes done long agoe, and not by hys yeares, which may happen to euery fole.

717 The Spring time commes after Winter season, but youth doth not succede olde age.

718 Yong men speake moe wordes, but olde men speake moe sentences.

719 Old menne are commonly couetous, bycause their getting dayes are past.

720 It is his grauitie, and not his hoarie haires that bring worship to an olde man.

721 If yong men had knowledge, and olde men had strength, then the worlde woulde become a newe Paradise.

722 Be afraide of olde age, for it commeth not alone.

723 An aged man and a wife, are worthy of double reuerence.

724 An aged man is a lothsome sighte

in yong mens companye.

725 A gray beard is a signe of age, but not of witte.

726 By a mannes talke it is easie to coniecture his life.

727 Filthy talke wil corrupt good maners in the ende.

728 Use no talke in vain, but let it either persuade, admonishe, or comforte, or commaund him to whom thou speakest.

729 We muste speake as the common people speake, but we muste thinke as the wise men thinke.

730 Then ought old men to be reuerenced, whē their learning doth bewray their age, and not their haires.

731 Silence is a great ornament to a woman.

732 Maners decke a woman, and not hir glistering apparell.

733 An honest wife is the health of hir husbandes body.

734 A woman is a thing that is borne of nature to be chargeable.

735 A woman knowes nothing but what she liste hir selfe.

736 A wicked woman is a storehouse of euils.

737 A woman that hadde no dowery to hir marriage, oughte to behaue hir selfe verye modestly towardes hir husband.

738 Marry not a woman that is richer than thy selfe, for if she fall out with thée, she will be sure to lay hir iointure in thy dishe.

739 What miserie is it to learne to serue, when a man hathe bene alreadye taughte to rule?

740 He that shewes himselfe cruell towardes his seruantes doth manifestly declare that his wil is also good to punishe others, but he wanteth authoritie.

741 The chiefest Vertues that are to be required in a seruãt are these, to kéep counsell, and to be faithfull to his Maister.

742 A good seruant is alwayes at one staye, whether his maister be absent or present.

743 Seueritie being often vsed, dothe quickly lose his authoritie.

744 Priuate crueltie doth much hurt, but the Princes anger is an open war already proclaimed.

745 It is an yrksome thing to bée constrayned to kéepe that thing secrete, which a man is very desirous to vtter.

746 Be more willing to heare, than readye to speake.

747 Silence is more safe than spéech, when our enimies be the Auditors.

748 He that knoweth not when to holde his peace, knoweth not when to speake.

749 There is no possession pleasaunte vnto vs, excepte wée haue eyther some fellowe to take part of it, or some friend to tell it vnto.

750 In some place, in some time, and in some company, it is better to be silēt than talkatiue.

751 Eyther holde thy peace, or else speake somewhat that is worthye to bée hearde.

752 A pleasant companion is in steade of a Chariot by the waye.

453 Ther is no enmitie so detestable as to be at variaunce with him, whose

cempany thou hast vsed alwayes moste familiarly.

754 The confounding of companyes breedeth confusion of good manners both in court and countrey.

755 He sleepeth wel that doth not perceiue how il he sleepeth.

756 Sleepe doth hardly enter where feare hath first taken place.

757 Sleepe is the shadow of death.

758 O thou fole, what els is slep, but an image of death.

759 Suttle Sophistrie peruerteth pure Philosophie.

760 Hope is wel as long as the hart is whole.

761 Nothing is vnpossible to God, & therefore dispaire for nothing.

762 Hope is a pleasant passion of the minde, which doth not only promise vs those things ý we most desire, but those things also, whiche we vtterly dispaire of.

763 It is good for ý theefe to dy at the gallowes.

764 One spēder hath need to be matched with two sparers.

765 Sufficient meate seemeth greate excesse and riot in a niggardes house.

766 A proude hearte and a beggars purse do not wel agree togither.

767 Loue that is sone gotten in a heate, wil quickly away with a cold.

768 Luste, ryotte, and sleepe, are the three greatest ennimies that can be vnto studie.

769 Fooles are alwayes beginning to liue.

770 Slouthfull studēts wil not study before Monday, bycause they will begin with the weeke.

771 Some say it is too hote to studye in Sommer, and too colde in Winter, and so they study nothing at all.

771 The riotous man that sickeneth vpon surfet, and the foole that feeleth aduersitie can scarcely be cured.

772 Fooles are like Babes that will crie at euery light occasion.

773 The foole wanteth al things, and yet if he had them he coulde not vse one of them.

774 Prosperitie maketh fooles mad.

775 Some be fooles of nature, & some

he

be crafty fooles to get themselues a good liuing, and when they can not thriue by their wisedome, then they seeke to liue by their follie.

776 Euery inferior doth abhorre that thing wherein he seeth his superiour to offend.

777 Suspition is alwaies bent to the worser parte.

778 Keepe thy selfe as muche as thou canst frō being suspected of those things which are wicked to be done.

779 Suspitiō of euils that is had of a man before he haue cōmitted the crime, doth oftentimes make him do that whiche he neuer thought of before.

780 Giue the Sycophant a little money, and he will departe as quiet as a lambe.

781 When a man hath nothing to do about his own businesse, then wil he beginne to meddle in other mennes matters.

782 Wisedome and rashnesse are neuer ioyned togither.

783 Ill successe commes of rashe beginning.

784 Eate til thou arte satisfied, and drinke with sobrietie.

785 Temperance of it self is the treasure of Vertue.

786 It is better to fede a gluttons belly than his eye.

787 It is an honeste seruice to serue the time.

788 Time is the ende of all sorrowes, and that whiche reason coulde not do in the beginning that time by continuance doth dispatche in the ende.

789 Time is the beste gouernoure of counsels.

790 Time trieth what a man is, for no man is so deepe a dissembler but that eyther one time or other he shall be easily perceiued.

791 Time maketh some to be menne which haue but childishe conditions.

992 A little thing is a greate thing if it be done in his due time.

793 Time tryeth truth.

794 Fearefullnesse is the rote of desperation.

795 He that is much feared of other, hath but small assuraunce of hys owne

life.

796 Feare bringeth hatred, and hatred bringeth destruction.

797 The feare of a thing is oftētimes of more force than the stroke of it.

798 He is daily condemned that is alwayes in feare of iudgement.

799 It is a lamentable thing to bée olde with feare, before that a man come to it by age.

800 The fearefull man dothe thinke himselfe to be wary and circumspecte in all his doings.

801 It is impossible for hym to lyue quietly, whiche feareth those thinges which cannot be auoyded.

802 If thou canst chose, be not sadde, if thou canst not chose, yet shew not thy selfe to be sadde.

803 Where is moste safetie, there is beste abiding.

804 Vse no filthie talke, for it wil also peruert good honest dédes in ẏ̃ end.

805 No wise man dothe offende twice in one thing.

806 The nerte way to be pure is not to know any sinne.

807 No-

807 Nothing is long pleasant, except it be renued wyth vanitie.

808 He that is vainely carryed vnto all things, is neuer delighted with one thing.

809 There pardon may wel be vsed, where he that hath offended is ashamed of his faulte.

810 Remember that thou doest alwayes offende God, and so thou shalte more easily pardon mens faultes.

811 He rules moste in Venus Courte that can serue his Lady best.

812 Mars and Venus be two vnfitte mates to be coupled togither.

813 Riot setteth open the gate vnto leacherie.

814 It is a benefite to render faire wordes.

815 Speake friendly, yea though it be to thine enimie.

816 Those things are vnhonest to bée spoken of, whyche are vnhonest to bée done.

817 A word is ynough to a wyse man, but foles will scarcelye bée admonished with stripes.

818 He

818 He is frée that dare boldly speake his conscience.

819 Truth is the daughter of Time.

820 Trueth maye be suppressed for a while, but it can not be oppressed for euer.

821 The speaking againste the trueth doth oftentimes bring the truth more to light.

822 A true matter is neuer full of many subtilties.

823 A golden glorious garment doth oftentimes hide a foule and filthie bodye.

824 Suffer not the aged trot to enter within thy dores.

825 When our neighbors house is on fire, then it is time to looke to our own.

826 It is a pretious thing to haue a good neighbour.

827 It is a double victorie vnto him that ouercommeth hymselfe in victory.

828 Often corrections dothe represse but a fewe malefactors, but stirreth vppe the hatred of all men.

829 Sometimes to pardon is a great

and honest kind of reuengemente.

830 In wine mens wits may be seene as wel as their faces in a glasse.

831 Giue place to him that commeth with a mayne force, & striue not against the streame.

832 He that gathereth Roses, must be contente to pricke his fingers, and he that wyll winne a maydes good wyll, muste abyde hyr sharpe wordes for a while.

833 It is a broade way that leadeth to vice, but it is a narrowe path that bringeth men to vertue.

834 A vertuous man is neuer knowen what he is til he come amongst vicious men.

835 It is an easie matter to talke of vertue, but it is harde to attaine vnto it.

836 Vertue whē she is prouoked, doth adde much vnto hir selfe.

837 He is a monster and not a man, that hath not one vertue to commende him.

838 Vertue it selfe is better than vertuous exāples to bring vs to goodnesse.

is a farre more grëuous thing than the hearing of it.

840 The eyes can not offende if the minde do rule them.

841 Blindnesse is a certaine cause of innocencie, and oure eares bée the ringleaders vnto all vnhappinesse.

842 Whose death men do wishe, his life they alwaies hate.

843 He neuer liues wel, that lokes to liue for euer.

844 A long life hath long cares annexed with it.

845 Oure life is not frëely giuen, but lent vs for a time.

846 Life sëemes long to him that is in paine, and shorte to him that liues in pleasure.

847 It is better not to liue, than not to knowe howe to liue.

848 Men in these dayes wil haue precepts to be ruled by their life, and not their life by precepts.

849 Our life ought to be like vnto an Image that hath euery parte perfect in it.

850 Our life ought not to depend vp-

on one onely hope, no more than a ship ought to be stayed with one anker.

851 Foles when they hate their life, wil yet desire to liue, for the feare which they haue of death.

852 Life is a life by name, but a troublesome labour in déede.

853 We owe many things to life, but nothing to death.

854 No man cares how wel, but how long he may liue, whereas it may happen to al menne to liue wel, but it can chaunce to no man to liue long.

855 A careless man dothe neuer liue honestly.

856 Euery vice hath a cloke, and créepeth in vnder the name of a vertue.

857 He offendeth that doth wel when vices are profitable.

858 As a greate quicke fire couered and laden with earth then dyeth, and not before: so the vitious man when hée is laide in his graue, then he maketh an ende, and maye neuer correcte hymselfe.

859 Speake little in the praise of mē, but speake lesse in their dispraise.

860 It

860 It is the parte of a wicked man to praise and dispraise the selfe same man for one thing.

861 A counterfaite disease is some times taken away with a false syrope.

862 Pleasures, while they flatter a man, they sting him to death.

863 Pleasure if it be not stayd in time wil carry a man headlong to all licentious kinde of liuing.

864 It is not our owne that commes by wishing.

865 He that wisheth much, wanteth muche.

866 If wishes would enrich mē, none would be pore.

867 Vsurie is like a fire that consumeth one thing after an other.

868 Nothing is denyed to the painful man.

869 The chiefest maintenaunce of vse in any thing, is comparison and honeste contention.

870 That is true whiche Cicero saith, that a man by vse maye be broughte to a newe nature.

871 Loue to haue the vse, and not the

possessions of many things.

872 Profite wythout honesty, is plain losse and ignominie.

873 The outward countenaunce doth declare what is within the hearte.

874 A pleasaunt loke doth pacifie the louer, thoughe his Ladies hearte be neuer so angry.

875 Wilt thou haue all things quiet at home? then please thy wife.

876 Alwaies be circumspect, yea euen in such things where there seemeth no danger.

877 Straungers doe wander in their wayes, but the vnskilful do erre in their doings.

878 The strength of war lyeth in the souldiour, whose chiefest praise is to bee obedient to his captaine.

879 Some mens threatnings be fearful, but not hurtfull.

880 Seeke not to please all menne, for that is more than God himselfe doth.

881 The Pecocke doth not spread his taile, vnlesse he be praised: so there bee some whiche doe thinke that they haue not that whiche they haue, vnlesse they

be maruelled at.

882 He that is pitifull to other, shall be also pitied himselfe.

883 He that dothe consider the ende of murther, will neuer goe aboute to kil any man.

Senesco semper multa discens. Solon.

Sic loquere cùm Deo tanquam homines audiant, Sic viue cum hominibus tanquam Deus videat. Seneca.

Finis Sententiarum.

¶The Pleasures of Poetrie.

Against those which will do nothing themselues, and yet enuy at other mens doings.

O Brutishe beast, O cankred worme,
that sucke's ỳ sugred sap:
O childe firste borne in enuies wombe,
and nurst in furies lappe,
Mogge thou arte of currish kinde,
that standeth at his bone,
And kæpeth others from their meate,
and yet himselfe wil none.
But who wil truste thy poysned tong,
with gall of bitter brest,
Who wil beléue in spitefull minde
a iudgement right to rest?
How canst thou wel esteme my works,
where heart is bent to hate,
Before thou haste my laboures read.
to knowe their perfect state?

A hurtful humor hath bespread
thy wittes and senses all,
To trifling toyes thy care doth lyke,
when Reasons voice doth call.
And as the sore diseased man
whome agues pangs do shake,
Doth think the sweetest drinke ful soure
that he with lippes doth take:
So thou, which haste thy minde corrupt
with envies bitter gall:
Both good and ill, both fonde and wise,
thou dost condemne them all.
Nowe time doth trie that saying true,
which makes me lesse to mone,
That dogs wil barke at strangers still,
and let their friendes alone.
But if that reason woulde thée rule,
and fancies fonde expell:
A way to stoppe thy leude conceites
I woulde declare and tell.
Weigh this by wit, and marke in mind
what profite commes thereby:
For why? thou dooste abase thy selfe,
and hoyest me on hye.
For who is grieude at simple folke?
who spytes the power sorte?
What taunting tongs with séely soules

will sæke themselues to sporte?
No no, the grænishe golden worme,
that Canthar hath to name,
Wil neuer sæke to shronde in shrubbes,
to eate or spoile the same:
But in the Rose so redolent,
she sækes hir selfe to laye,
Or preaseth vp to Pallas træ,
to eate the fruite awaye.
The swæter nutte, the sooner wormes
wil cræpe within the shell:
The better fruite, the sooner wormes
within the Apples dwel.
The higher house, the more dothe feare
the blastes of whirling winde,
And mightie mastes in foming floudes
the greatest daungers fynde.
If Sunne do shine and shewe his lighte,
there wil be straight a shade:
And when the Sunne doth slæte away,
the shade right soone dothe fade.
So, whereas learning gives his light,
and Poets come in place:
There Liuor sækes by darknesse dimme
their Poemes to disgrace.
Then cease betimes thy spiteful sædes
within my bookes to sowe:

My ground is good, thy corne is nought,
and therefore will not growe.
What though the smoke at first begins
to smother all the flame:
Yet fierie force breakes forth at length,
and driues away the same.
So though thy subtil shifts do seeme,
my writyng to obscure,
In spyte of all thy wyly wayes,
yet shall my workes endure.

The discourse of *Arion* the Musition, whome a Dolphin did saue from drowning.

There was somtime within the Ile
that *Lesbos* hathe to name,
A man whose Art in Musikes skill
had won eternall fame:
In song, in voice, in singring sit,
he farre surpassed all:
His name (as Poets doe record)
Arion men did call.
The King of *Corinth* for the Art
and cunning which he had,
To vse his pleasaunt company
at sundry times was glad:

But he regarding more his fame,
than Princes loftie loue:
From out his kingdome ere he wist,
he doth himselfe remoue:
And hopes by wandringin the world
his glorie to display,
And so to cause his noble name
on earth to lasse for aye.
But first by painefull pilgrims pace
he sought for *Sicily*,
And afterwardes he hies in hasse
to flaunting *Italy*.
When there he had remainde a while,
stil holding Lute in hande,
He stole the heartes of all the Lordes
that dwelt in *Italie*.
The Ladies all came rushing out,
with all their trickie traine,
And listning to Orions Lute,
with him they would remaine.
Sometimes he plays on trebie string,
in shrille and sounding sorte
Somtimes on Base, the doleful dumps
he toyide with wanton sporte.
Somtimes he sounds the swetly songs,
of Ladyes yeelding hearte,
When loyall louers for the same
have

haue playde their painefull partes:
Sometimes he showes the daily breaths
that wilful women beare:
Whiche couldeabide in griping griefes
their Louers liues to weare.
Sometimes he doth with trebling tune
declare the wonders strange,
That happned hade in sundrie coastes
where he himselfe did range.
A thousande songs he had besides
to trappe the listning eare:
Which they that heats attentiuely,
in mirthefull breastes did beare.
I knowe not howe I canne to paine,
when al his songs were done,
But al the Ladies hearts in Court
vnto himselfe he wonne.
One was content in marriage
to take him to her fere:
An other would at wede a bedde,
he thoughte his loue to dere.
The third would giue him hadee rome
if he bouchsafe, to take,
Yea he should chose the pleasaunt place
that at her house could make.
And al the rest with kinde loue,
and furies raging rapte,

By heauenly notes of instrument,
at once he hath entrapt.
But he whome reason well coulde rule,
and all affectes expell,
Moulde not agrée in louers life,
ne husbands stéde to dwell.
And hir he thankte of curtesse,
which offred him a place,
Yet woulde he none, but sought to go
from whence he toke his race.
Thus taking leaue, he kisse them all,
(their proffers made him holde,)
And they with thankes dischargde his
with heaps of coyned gold. (paines,
Then he to *Corinth* toke his way,
and that he might not feare,
The shipmen were his countriemen,
his goodes and him to beare.
But sée the grédy lust of golde,
if once it taketh rote,
How déepe it gets within our hearts,
and stayes with stedfast sote.
They had no sooner well perceiude
his riches what they were,
But straight they sought to with bloudye
to put his life in feare. (blade
And first they leane his company

and presence for to kéepe,
Yea al their worke and purpose is
to worke his deadly sléepe.
Arion sone by signes doth gesse
their former loue to faile,
And therefore séekes by gentle words
their fiercenesse to assaile.
Ye are (quoth he) my countrymen,
spare me for countries sake,
Let life alone, I am content
my gwdes ye parte and take.
But they not forcing on his wordes,
would sée his dying day:
They knewe, if once his life were losse,
he should them not bewray.
And therefore one did step in place,
which hauing sworde at side,
Did drawe, and thought it in his breast
vp to the hiltes to hide.
With sobs and tears that tickled down
for life he stil doth pray,
And through his sighs he made at lēgth
their hastie handes to stay.
Wel, in the ende they were content,
they wouldе not worke his death,
But he to Seas should throwe himselfe
to stoppe his vitall breath.

Yet one thing more he did entreate
of them by earnest suite,
With him to haue his stately gowne,
and eke his woful lute.
In fine, he hauing this obtaind,
he playde a solemne song,
And then with stretched arme in seas
he throwes himselfe along.
He had no sooner with the floudes
bedewde his feareful feete,
But straight a Dolphin doth appeare,
with him in haste to meete,
Whome when Arion felte with hande
beneath his breast to lye,
He gat aloofte, and he to shore
with him in haste did hye:
And there he leaues him safe and sound,
whome he in seas did finde,
And he on Lute doth sounde a thanks
to please the Dolphins minde.

The pitifull complaint of *Arion*, before hee was throwne ouer boord.

THat in ioyes and blissfull state,
did erst remaine,
Do here vntwiste my twined fate,

and muste be slaine.
My worthye praise and noble name,
Whiche was displayde by flying fame,
Must fléete in floudes: alas my gods
haue brought my bane.
Why coulde I not in *Corinths* towne
in safetie bide?
Why did I passe for more renowne
the worlde so wide?
My climbing high did make me fall,
And séeking more, I lost that all,
Which I before, in plenteous store,
with Lute had gaynde.
O cursed golde, which firste I got
in *Sicilye*,
My gains haue brought this lothsom lot
through which I dye.
The cruel *Corinths* séeke my death,
By gaping gulfe to stop my breath,
My gods wil not pay for the shot,
without my life.
Wel, since that men no mercy haue
to helpe at néede:
O gentle Gods some aide I craue
by them to spéede.
Now Lute sounde out thy swéetest song
To sée what Nimphes wil come along,

To ease my paine, which here remaine
in deepe distresse.
Thou God the author of my skill,
some succor lende,
Where are thy shafts which ye so swifte
at foes doste sende?
For feare thy arte be brought to nought
By thē which Pusks end haue sought,
Nowe bende thy bowe, to ouerthrow
these Mariners.

The song of *Dedalus*, and his
sonne *Icarus*.

When *Candie* coasts once *Creta* callo,
In exile Dedalus did retaine:
At length the losse of godly *Greece*,
Did pricke his hart with pensiue paine,
And *Athens* moued stil his minde,
Some scaping way by Arte to finde.

With gazing ofte he viewde the Ile,
And searched round about the lande:
But all in vaine, the waters wide
Before his dewed eyes did stande:
And to his sonne with ruthfull mone,
The Skies (quoth he) be left alone.

Though surging seas do come without,
And Minos rage doth keepe vs in:
Yet hath the ayre a passage free
For vs my boy when we begin,
Be of good cheere, this present day,
Thy fathers Art shal find some way.

This done, he wrought a new deuise,
Which nature neuer founde for man:
And with the forme of flying wings,
To traine his feathers he began:
The shortest firste, and next the long,
And fastned them with wax ful strong.

The childe did marke his fathers Arte,
And taking feathers in his hande,
He made thereof his wared wings,
To bring him to his natiue lande,
And thus vnwares he wroughte a way,
To bring himselfe vnto decay.

When al their worke was ended quite,
And fitted to their armes to flie:
The father mounting firste aloste,
Began his cunning for to trie,
And moude his feathers to and fro,
To try which way was best to go.

Forthwith he dresse his sonne, and said,
See in the middest thou still doe flie:
That neither feare driue thee too lowe,
Ne courage make thee mount too hie,
Aboue, the sunne his heate wil bring,
Beneath, the seas will weat thy wyng.

Vse me thy father for thy guide,
To rule thy feathered wings aright,
And see thou followe foote by foote,
To keepe me still within thy sight:
And doubling kisses on his sonne,
To flye away he straight begonne.

The boy delighting in his Arte,
And toyfull of his flying skill:
With stretched armes he gets aloofe
Ful fore against his fathers will:
And so he mounteth stil on hie,
In hope at length to touch the skie.

But when the soofte and tender wax
Sir Phœbus burning beames had felte,
The feathers al did flie abroade,
And waxed wings began to melte,
In vaine he striues with naked arme,
To saue himselfe from hurtful harme.

Helpe

Helpe father, helps aloude he cries,
Helpe, help to him he ſtil did call:
And ending thus his piteous plaint,
In headlong wiſe he downe did fall:
The father hearkneth to the crie,
And to his ſonnne he faſt doth hie.

Hé lookes about, and calles his ſonne,
Come tel me Icarus where thou arte,
What lands, what ſeas do thée retaine,
The doleful cauſe of Dedalus ſmarte?
And looking downe he ſoone perceyvd
That Neptune had his life bereavd.

He beates his breaſts with heavy hand,
He teares his clothes in wofull wiſe,
And thrice he ſhakes his hoary head,
With ſtreams of teares frō dewed eies,
He ſighes, he ſobs, he cries amaine,
This curſſed Art my ſonne hath ſlaine.

Why couldſt I not content my ſelfe
In works of wood to ſpend my dayes,
What ment I wretch, to let the ladde
To trie ſuch new vnbeaten wayes?
O thrice more foliſhe was my minde,
That let yong Icarus come behinde.

I thought to sée my natiue land,
I payde ful deare for my desire,
A thousand deaths I coulde abide,
Before that *Greece* I woulde require,
So that my sonne I might obtaine,
With me his father to remaine.

Thou mightie God with golden globe,
Which séds abroad thy gleamīg beams,
What spiteful spite did moue thy mind,
To yéld my son to swelling streames?
O Neptune cause of all my care,
That woldst not once yōg Icarus spare.

He might haue carvde in costly work
Your pictures both in Church to set,
Thereby more worship to your names,
Amongst the Grékish folke to get:
Nowe you O Gods shall want his Art,
And I am like to féele the smart.

Let others learne by my mishappe,
What dangers lurke in lofty thin gs,
What perils ofte, how seldome good,
A hautie heart and courage brings.
Strike down thy sail whē wīds do blow
For feare thy barke they ouerthrowe.

How

Howe euery vice dothe creepe
vnder the name & shew
of a vertue.

There is no man so leud of life,
so fonde in filthie talke,
That doth not stil persuade himselfe,
in perfect path to walke.
The couetous carle, whose hart & hand
doth reach and lust for coine,
He thinkes it is a glorie great,
his heapes on heapes to ioyne.
And Bacchus Knightes, whose grappe
do bud within their braine, (bowes,
They thinke it is good felowship
in ryot to remaine,
The lustie lads whose leacherous luste
their wanton Ladies fæle,
Do thinke with Goddesse for to spinne,
and with a God to ræle.
Tush, tushe, who wouldе not take (saye
dame Nature for his guide? (they)
And we from Natures wanton will,
we knowe do neuer slide.
We shew our selues no dwarffes to be,
in doing such a dæde,
But manly mates to fight in fielde,

when *England* shall haue néed.
We store the realm with bastards born,
to helpe our natiue soile,
Whose strength since parentes were so
must néedes put foes to foile. (strong,
The proude doth thinke it comelinesse.
to haunt in ioly iagges,
And counteth other garments all
to be but rotten ragges.
The harebraind heads estéem the stout,
but cowardes in the fielde,
And therefore thinke it manlinesse
at no mans sute to yéelde.
The liuer by extortioner
whose wealth is others woe,
Hath reasons sounde, or else he lyes
his foes to ouerthrowe.
The losse to rich is small (saith he)
their gaines were great of late,
The pore that beg deuout almes,
it kéepeth in their state.
The miser féeles no hurt by stealth,
for he doth robbe himselfe,
And gathereth gods, but wants the vse
of al his gotten pelfe.
The riotous man, which to the dice
his fathers landes doth sende,

I helpe to throwe a losing chaunce,
to bring him to his ende.
Excesse in meate is friendlinesse,
so names doe vs beguile,
Carouse is made a hartie draught,
to pinch the pots a while:
And filthy wordes are merry iestes,
to sporte thy guests withall:
And knauish dædes are youthful toyes,
which stil in youth do fall.
Great hose be comely for the legge,
and makes one sæmely clad:
French cappes are now the fashion,
and therefore muste be had.
Pinckte pumps are good to let in wind,
and muste in heate be worne,
Cut elbowes are as good as they,
and can not be forborne.
In Sommer bumbast makes a breaste,
where lately there was none,
In winter bumbast kæpes from colde
when Harvest heate is gone.
And Gaskins nowe are worne for ease,
to streatche both legge and arme,
Eche one hath now a dagger got,
to saue himselfe from harme.
A handsome hatte is not without

a tassell hanging downe,
And customs bids vs nowe to weare
a Felt with loftie crowne.
In mockes there is a certaine grace,
which youthful youths do vse,
And wil sometime for want of foes,
their friends therewith abuse.
Now shouldering vp of simple soules,
is signe of courage bolde,
Now hoarie haires are in contempt,
their age is doting olde.
Now dauncing shewes hir good effectes
to hide hir leude conceites.
And ioyfull limmes wil dance a dumpe
to worke some deepe deceites.
Hir nimble trickes, hir capers crosse,
do wel become our feete,
And foes that earst did come behinde,
againe before muste meete.
Nowe fencing must be vsde and had
our foes to ouerthrowe,
With slights & feats of reaching armes
to strike a quarter blowe.
I woulde these fetches were the worste,
that *England* nowe doth breede,
But al the worlde can scarce I feare,
our rage and furie feede.

Our

Our natiue soile can not afoyde,
suche meates as may content,
But ships muste seeke foy Spanish spice
til al our goodes be spent.
God make vs thankefull foy his giftes,
whiche he so freely doth bestow,
Least other do obtain our welth (show.
which wil themselues more thankfull

A mery tale of Maister *Mendax*
to his friende *Credulus*.

WHat friend and cousin Credulus,
what fare, what cheere I saye?
I ioy to see thee thus in health,
I sweare by this good daye.
CR. And I no lesse reioyce in mind,
thy happy state to see,
Nowe Maister Mendax in good faith
thou welcome arte to me.
O Neptune King of swelling seas,
whereby did I deserue,
That thou my deere and faithful friend,
in safetie shouldst preserue?
O ye king Aeols winged windes
which breath out boystrous blasts,
What griefs of mine did stay your foyce

from maister Mendax mastes:
I thanke you al with hart and voice,
and wil while life doth last,
Since this my friend is safe at home,
and al his dangers past.
ME. Reioice not yet before ỳ knowest,
what cares I did abide:
When flashing flouds did beat my bark
and suncke within the side.
Sometime I seemd the starry skies
with mounting mast to touch,
Sometimes my shippe in Plutoes pittes
the hollow hips did couch,
Sometimes I light on ragged rockes
that shoke my brittle barke.
Euen thē when Nimbus pouring down
had made the night ful darke.
And thus I past from paine to paine,
whilst winde and sea did rage,
To stay, and hinder if they coulde
the course of all my age.
But God I thinke dothe alwaies lende
such knaues a longer life,
And stil, the more a shrewe she is,
the longer liues the wife.
CR. Thou thinkst perchance she liues
bicause she is a shrewe, (to long

And

And makes thy blubbering eies ful oft,
thy chēkes for to bedewe.
But leaue we this, since thou hast scapd
al griefe and wretched wo,
And tel me now what sightes thou sées,
in place where thou doste goe.
ME. Of wōdrous wars I could declare,
where trumpets still did sounde,
To sommone *Pigmeys* to the fielde,
to fight with Cranes for grounde.
There should you sée a wounded wing,
and there a feather flye,
There shoulde you sée a broken bill,
and there a necke to lye.
So when the Cranes were ouercome
and forste to yélde by fight,
At length they found a ready way
to saue themselues by flight.
CR. I loue to heare some strāger news,
I hearde this long ago,
How armes and legs did flie abroade
al tossed to and fro.
ME, Wel, since I now perceiue arighte,
and fully knowe thy minde,
I thirste within my memorie
some strange deuise to finde.
There is within *Eutopia*,

a house all tylde with tarte,
The walles wherof with custard crusts
are made by wondrous arte.
The postes be all of Synamon
and Ginger ioyntly ioynde,
And wafers couer al the flore
where euery stranger dynde.
The table made of bisket bread,
on comfites foure doth stande.
Eache corner hath an antike boy
that holdeth out his hande
To deale about some caraways
to al the standers by,
With *Manus Christi* many one,
which in their bore did lye.
The workman of this worthy worke
I longed stil to knowe:
I sought and gazed rounde about,
but none was nigh to showe.
At length I entred in my selfe,
to trie what house he kept,
And through the tender custarde walles
with might and maine I leapte.
The good man heares his house dothe
and forth he hyes in haste, (crack
With morter made of yellow yelkes
the broken place to paste.

When all was well and sounde againe
and broughte to former state,
I craued pardon of my faulte
bicause I knewe no gate.
In deede no maruell friende (quoth he)
since thou didst neuer see,
In stony workes or timber frames
such costly walles to be.
But since thou camst to view my house,
come in, and sit thee downe,
I trust my wife hir selfe will bidde
thee welcome to the towne.
I thankte him of his curtesie,
and so he led the way,
And there I fonnde eche thing within
as I before did saye.
Saue onely one thing I forgot,
which in the windowe stode:
A paper prison for the flies,
to keepe them from their fode.
Some were put in for marmelade,
which lately they did sucke,
And some were caught in sugar loaues,
such was their grieuous lucke.
Some lymde their wings in ointement (pots,
some fel to syrop sweete:
So they were all in prison put,

with

with fetters on their feete.
And here they begging for a baite,
were likely sone to sterue:
A good example to the reste,
how they the like deserue.
CR. A preatie prison I haue hearde
with diuers daintie dishe,
I maruel much I heare no word,
of neither flesh nor fishe.
I pray thée shew what chére thou hadst,
to bid thée welcome in,
And wherevpon thy hungry lippes
to taste did firste begin.
ME. Whē he had plaste me at his bord,
in stately sugred seate,
Forthwith on table to appeare,
he willed all his meate.
But first the cloth did spread it selfe,
the salte made haste apace,
The bread came tumbling in behind,
and knew his wonted place.
The trenchers with their napkins laide
in order on a rowe,
To al the guestes at table sette,
a comely sight did shewe.
Eache dish came placed in his course,
I know not when nor where,

I marked onely of them al,
two pigges which I sée there,
These Pigges came in their peticotes,
with long kniues at their waste,
With scriking voice they cryde aloude,
come eate vs both in haste.
CR. I maruel much the pigs would séek
to make themselues a pray,
I thinke there is no beast so fonde,
that séekes his own decay.
But who hath euer heard a thing
so farre from sense to fal,
As would abide to bring a sword
to slay it selfe withal?
And yet I may be wel deceiude,
and so I am I knowe:
Else you I dare be bold to say,
the same would neuer showe,
ME. Who would haue thought to bruse
with such an easy thing, (your brains,
Which vse doth ofte in Painters shops
vnto al senses bring?
Yea thousand things more strange than
in them I did espie, (this
With crimson coloures finely set,
to holde the gazers eye.
But al things are to Poets pennes

and

and Painters pensils frée,
And therefore I will proue the same
by reason so to be.
If peril sémed to approche
and dangers were at hande,
Hadst thou not rather shifte for one,
than stil in feare to stande?
Yea, if that sentence were pronounste
that thou in fire shouldst dye,
Wouldst thou prolong thy life in pain,
or suffer presently?
No maruel then, if parched pigge
do bring his fatall knife,
Desiring rather sone to ende,
than liue in wretched life.
The Pigs herein did shew some witte,
and did as men wouldc doe,
If carefull cause of déepe distresse
did fitly serue thereto.
Well, now a saying sage, by thés
I finde more olde than true,
That where experience comes in place,
there wisedome bids adue.
For thou haste got by trauels toyle,
more wisedome in a day,
Than I almost in twentie yeares
by Bookes couldc beare away.

But this I thinke dothe come to passe
by thy surpassing witte,
And by my dulnesse, which hathe made
my senses all vnfitte.

A generall discourse vppon Couetousnesse.

THe couetous Carle, whose grēdie (eies
ye glittring gold doth blind,
No place so safe, no time so sure,
that doth not feare his minde.
At table time, when meate and drinke
before his eyes doth stand,
And guesse declare the wōdrous works
that chaunce in strangest land,
Tush meate and drink he doth not wey
they can him not content,
For all the toyes of merry mates
his minde wil not relent.
Alas he saith, that blustring Prince,
whiche on the windes doth reigne,
Hath sent his impes amōgst the flouds,
to teare my shippe in twaine.
Else Neptune with his forked mace,
hath stroke the swelling waue,
Whose foming force with violence

my barke in pieces claue.
And thoughe the Gods shoulde bée my
til winds & waues were past, (friends
Yet sands would sinke my shaken ship,
and make it sticke ful fast,
Or ragged rocks would strike hir sides,
til they did cleaue asunder,
And gaping gulfes woulde get aloofte
til all my goods were vnder.
And thus he feares his goods abroade,
and doubts their safe returne,
At home he feares Vulcanus force
his buildings braue to burne,
So that he is vnto himselfe,
the cause of all his care,
Whilst he in hope of Nestors yeares
from spending stil doth spare.
He hath ynough, yet wanteth all,
that he with paine hathe got:
For who will thinke a man to haue
that thing he vseth not?
Who wil beléue him satisfied,
that stil doth thirst for drinke?
Who thinks that groũd is wet ynough
where raine doth quickly sincke?
What man would déeme his coffers ful
with gripes of gotten golde,

If that his chestes and coffers yet
a greater summe woulde holde:
So who can wel accompt him riche,
that gapeth stil for gaine,
Although his bagges lye strouting ful,
and so in chest remaine:
Yea, loke the more he hath of goodes,
the more he wantes of fil:
Much like the dropsie drye disease,
that craueth water still.
He's good to none, yet to himselfe
he is the worste of all,
His goodes doe neuer profite one,
til death on him befall:
And then moste like the wrouting sowe,
whiche neuer bringeth good,
Til meate be of hir body made,
by letting out hir blood,
So he which in his life was naught,
by leauing goods behinde,
Hath raked up for riotous sonnes,
their life a while to finde.
And loke as he with carefull clouche
did scrape his goodes togither,
So they wil send them out againe,
at euery tyde and weather.
Some is on bankets braue bestowde,

in Grocers sugred shoppes,
Some being in neate and stately house,
with braue and golden knoppes:
Some Bacchus doth deuoure in cuppes
and drinketh all away.
Yea friendes carousing to and fro,
brings heapes vnto decay,
Then Venus shewes hir darlings dere,
which erst in chamber lay,
And do themselues in wholish weedes
before their eies display.
One comes with wanton Lute in hand,
in hope of luckie chaunce,
An other leades aboute the house
some newe disguised dance.
The third hath fingers ready lymme
whilst youths do turne aboute,
To catche their purses in hir clawes,
and steale thy money out.
The fourth, the fifth, and all the rest
of all the leacherous traine,
Doth bid them either giue their goodes,
or else he shall be slaine.
This is the end of goodes ill got,
they will be leudly spent:
And as they softly came to hande,
so swiftly are they spente.

Beware therefore ye misers all,
and learne to vse your owne,
That they may still enioy the fruites
whiche firste the sédes haue sowne.
Who coulde abyde to play the Asse,
with dainties on his backe,
Yet he himselfe to séede on thornes
for néedie hungers lacke?
Then vse thy golde, both thée and thine
in honest state to finde
For sparing fathers oftentimes
leaue spending sonnes behinde.
Thou thinkst by hording vp of heapes,
thou shalt be richer still,
Nay, nay, thou art more pore indéede,
when chestes thou séekst to fill.
For who is rich? euen he that doth
content him with his store.
And who is pore? euen he that séekes
to gather more and more.
The vnthrift will be quickly pore,
when time shall giue him leaue,
And thou thy selfe vnwittingly
of substance doste bereaue:
Then spend thy gods amōg thy friends,
whilst life dothe licence lende:
And let thy sonnes know how to get,

before they know to spend.

A comparison betwixt the Ape and the flatterer.

THe Ape bicause he is not fitte
to serue in Maskies stæde,
Thereby to saue his Maisters house,
when he shal stand in næde.
And sith he can not bide the weight,
whiche painefull horse doth beare,
Ne yet sustaine the heauy yoke,
that heauie Oxe doth weare:
He is content with Apish toyes,
to sporte his maisters minde,
And fetcheth friscoes rounde about
which he can sowrst finde.
Euen so the fowning flatterer
which on thy bowrde did fæde,
Can giue no counsel good or graue,
to serue thee in some stæde.
His braines are light in sertous things,
his wittes wil not prenaile
To ease the griefe of lothsome lot,
when fortune doth assaile.
He commes to laughe and lye for gaine,
he sothes at euerye thing:

No song can passe at any time
but he is one to syng.

He is neuer happy that neuer suffered aduersitie to set out his happinesse wythall.

O Thrice vnhappy woful wight
that neuer suffred woe,
Whose life as yet did not abide,
the force of any foe.
No man can tel, no not himselfe,
to what his strength wil serue:
His vertues all be hidde in holdes,
that shoulde their praise deserue,
By tryall men shal trie themselues,
howe firme they doe abide,
Euen as the golde whose perfectnesse
by fornace force is tride.
And therefore some whose hauty hearts
from labours neuer cease,
About wil sæke aduentures happes
when priuate warres do cease.
They loue to kæpe themselues in vre,
they spend that other spares,
That fortunes spite mighte neuer hope
to take them at vnawares.

So Vertue doth display hir selfe
in beating downe hir foes,
And stil dothe loke for what she comes,
not caring where she goes.
The strong and sturdie champion
reioyceth in his wound,
He ioyes to sée the bloudy blowes
that in his sides be founde.
He thinkes the scarres do wel become
his stout and manly face,
And euery part that wantes a cut,
his body doth disgrace.
He more estéemes his hacked sworde,
embrude with enmies bloude,
Than burnisht blades ý shine in shops
though they be passing good.

To a couetous man that had his
house robbed.

WHat néeds these plaints and cryes?
what néedes this howling voice?
Thou haste no cause to wéepe at all,
but rather to reioyce:
Béfore, the carking cares
denide thé reste and sléepe,
And nowe thou haste but little leste

for little care to keepe.
Feare not the flames by day,
nor stealing theefe by night,
No man wil venture life or limme,
when nought apeares in sight.
But sith thou doste desire
to haue thy coffers fild,
Vse my aduise, which oftentimes
to couetous men I wild.
Fil al thy chestes with coales,
and shut thy lockes againe,
And think thy bags which thou hast lost
within them to remaine.
So all is safe and sounde,
of al thy plenteous store,
And thou mayst vse thy coales as much
as thou didst golde before.

To one that was loathe
to dye.

AS he doth more reioyce that hathe
the winde and tyde at will,
To bring him sooner to his porte
from feare of Neptunes ill,
Than he that sailes with breathlesse
in course of calmer tide, (blasts

Whereby his barke to hoped hauen
doth softe and slowly slide:
So he that swims in worldly seas,
where perils rage and some,
Hath greater cause to thanke the Gods
when he comes sooner home,
Than he, whose loathsome lingring life
is tossde in deepe distresse,
Whose shaken shippe and beaten barke
by death must haue redresse.
Reioice therefore thou wofull wight,
set ope thy hasped gate,
Let death come in with deadly darte,
to worke thy finall fate:
Thou liu'st to die, thou di'st to liue,
whiche life shall alwayes lasse:
And pleasure comes of heauenly ioyes,
when earthly griefes are passe.
Who wold not chãge his brasse for gold
and drosse for siluer gaine?
Who would not prease to Paradise,
by ioyes to ende his paine?
What seely poore man would not liue
in glorie if he might?
Who would not chose ỹ nightly shades
to change with sunny light?
Such glittering golde in Paradise,

such

suche glorie thou shalte finde,
Such christall beames of shining Sun
to light thy darkned minde.
From whence do al these sorows come,
why art thou then afeaide?
What griefe in ioy, what woe in mirth
hath so thy heart dismayde?
Who so doth loue this wretched life,
and feareth stil to die,
To God that sittes in starrie skie,
he feares too sone to hie.
The victor doth not winne his price
before he runne his race,
And we shall not be crownde, vntill
we passe this worldly space.
Perchance thy youthfull yeres on earth
thou wouldst in pleasure spende,
Perchãce thy wealth ÿ wouldst bestow
which fortune doth thée lende.
Perchãce from friends ÿ wouldst not go
which loued thée so dęere,
Perchaunce thou findest greate delight
in rich and costly chęere.
Perchance thy beautie sęemes too braue,
and forme too fine in sight,
To yęelde thy body to the duke,
by due deserued right.

Ah,

Ah, flatter not thy worldly minde
with vaine and fonde conceites,
They are that subtill Satans shiftes,
and diuelish déepe deceites.
What though ỳ be but yong in yeares?
thy youth is sooner blest.
Though rich? thy riches are not such
as in the skies do rest.
What friends with saints may be com'
whose loue doth laste for ay: (parde,
Whē fained friends from time to time,
do chaunge from day to day?
Vaine are thy daintie dishes all
and more than man dothe néede,
With Manna séeke thy hungry soule,
and ghostly foode to féede.
Wey not thy faire and glistring face,
which from the dust did rise,
But séeke to shine in Angelles shape
in most triumphant wise.
And neuer feare or flye from death
which néedes must come to passe,
And kéepeth on his fatall course
as first appointed was.
She stayeth not at Princes seate
as fearful of his face,
But doth by dint of dolefull darte,

cut

cut off his princely race.
The rich cannot hir fatall hand
with worldly bribes corrupte,
The pore with cries & piteous plaintes
cannot hir interrupte.
She forceth not of furies force
though hand and heart do méete,
To make the stoutest in the worlde
lye groueling at hir féete.
But al do féele hir heauie hand,
by strength of boystrous blowe,
The high, the low, the rich, the pore,
hir might doth ouerthrowe.
And therefore feare that thing no more
whiche no man yet coulde shunne,
But had his death appointed him
before his life begunne.

Of two Gentlemen whiche by racking of their rents had destroyed a whole Towne.

AS I for solace of my selfe
to countrey townes did goe,
And poasting on from place to place
did wander to and fro

At length I founde my resting Inne
to ease my tired mare,
Where from hir backe I lightlye lepte,
hir weary bones to spare.
And sith it was but early day,
and Sunne so weake did shewe,
That he had scarcely drawne aloft
the drops of dampishe dewe,
And that my businesse was but small,
and had no haste away,
I thought it beste to walke about,
and so to spende the day.
So thus resolued in my minde,
my iorney on I toke,
On euerye parte of all this towne
with often eie to loke:
When I had searched round about,
and viewed all the towne,
The rotten roofes of euery house,
sent tyle stones dropping downe:
The walles began to crye for props,
the broken sparres did reele,
The posts that bare ye greatest strength
themselues to weake did feele.
I thought that drink had dimd my eies,
to moue such fonde conceites:
Til houses whole came tumbling down

to driue away deceites.
And yet the fieldes were fatte and fresh,
with grasse on goodly grounde,
And heauie eares did make the stalkes
to grase vpon the ground.
What mõstrous sight is this (quoth I)
how strange and rare of kind,
In mosse excesse of plenteous store
such scarcenesse here to finde:
In plentie here is penurie,
abundance here doth want,
And he that liues in greate excesse,
doth feele the greatest scant,
My braines, my wittes and senses al,
coulde scarce this doubt dissolue,
Til I in fine a sight out founde
that did me quite resolue.
I saw two buildings built aloffe,
of bricke mosse faire to sight,
Where windowes wide on euery side,
did shewe a glistering light,
They stode like Castels of defence
to saue the battered towne,
But all their guns were chargde e shot
to strike and beate it downe.
The one his stately place did take
at entrance of the Citie,

The other builded in the ende,
the greater was the pitie.
Loke what came in, the firste did steale,
and toke it for his share,
Loke what wente out, the laste it got,
and home to house it bare.
So both the theues agreed in theste,
as lawleste Lordes on soile,
To hang and draw within themselues,
and liue vpon the spoile.
And yet they woulde be Gentlemen
the simple sorte to feare:
Indeede by blood they might be so,
for bloudy men they were.
But I am sure in qualities
their birth it was but bad,
For why? not one good gentle thought
within their heartes they had.
They had encrochte into their handes
eache lande and houses nie,
And pincht the pore with racking rents
to heaue their walles on hie.
So, whilst the Plowman was not able,
suche lokie rent to pay,
He suffered all his naked barnes
to fall in deepe decay.
And thus each man neglected one

till

til al did faile at length,
And towne came topsie turuie down
when founding had no strength.
Thus houses first, and then the townes,
and nexte the realme I feare,
Through cruel dædes of Gentlemen,
some grieuous smarte wil beare.
For nowe excesse in meate and drinke
spends gods the Diuel and al,
And pride is come to perfect pitch,
and therefore nædes muste fall.
God mend or end such Gentlemen,
which sæke to make ý pore their pray,
Their mending shall be for themselues,
their ending saueth our decay.

It is not God but we our selues
that seeke the euersion
of our own coũtry.

The Gods that guide ý golden globe
Haue not conspirde with one assent
To lay our Cities in the duste,
Nor yet at them their battrie bent.
For Pallas in our stately towre
Doth stand with speare & shaken shield,

And mũsled Mars hath got the walles
To beate thē down that wil not yelde.
But we our selus like wretched wights
Do seke to vndermine the towne,
And ciuil discorde hath begunne
To make our wals come tũbling down:
By wicked thought of diuelish heart
We stil prouoke the Gods to ire,
By careless life we them procure
To wasse our walles with flaming fire.
For they, whose hunger is for golde,
And thirst for siluers shining gaine,
They break ỳ laws, forswere their faith
As thogh there were no punishing pain.
Some seke by force of bloudy blade
A trade of liuing to be beginne,
Some seke by open tyranny,
The princely seate and life to winne:
So that no maruel now it is
If simple soules take sworde in hand,
And grief cõstrains their earning harts
To aide and helpe their native land.
Some spoile abroad and bring it home,
Not caring how they win their wealth,
And leane their country sicke in woe,
Dispayring quite of happy health.
No shifts be lefte for getting gods,

And

And loke where force wil not preuaile,
There sleights ond péeuish policies
Shal giue the onset and assaile.
They bring *Astrea* in contempt,
And Justice can them neuer fray,
Hir power, hir might, hir Maiestie,
Hir anger doth them not dismay.
Yet she beholdes their wicked workes,
And wil rewarde when time shal serue,
Eche one shal then receiue reward
As he by workes did well deserue.
Though God did stay his heauy hande,
From pouring out his plags beneath,
Yet trust the sword shal once be drawne
Which lieth nowe so déepe in sheath.
Though he be close within his cloudes
And séemes to mortoll men to slépe,
Yet doth he séke with mightie arme
His glorie stil on earth to kéepe.
The longer leaue that he doth giue
Our nought and sinfull liues to mende,
The greater plagues on careleste men,
His armed arme shal surely sende.
And therefore do thou not thy selfe
With faire & flattering wordes beguyle
The money is not alwayes loste,
Whose payment is differre a while.

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Ye Britaines borne of Brutus bloud,
Leaue off therefore to walke at wil,
That al your words and déedes may be
To reasons lore attentiue still.
Then God wil blesse this little Ile
With corne and grasse in plēteous store
Then peace as it hath wel begon,
So shall it florishe more and more.
God saue our Quéene Elizabeth,
And ayde hir alwayes at hir néede,
That earth may bring hir hearts desire
And heauenly fode hir soule may féede.
God graunt ful long hir noble grace
With vs in *Englande* to remaine,
And graunt hir in the worlde to come
With thée and al the Saints to raigne.
Where Angels sing such heauēly songs
With their most swéetly sounding voice
Where al the chéereful Cherubins
With ioyfull heart and mouth reioice.

That mans life is full of miserie.

What way is beste for man to chose,
what path to liue in reste?
What trade of life can man inuent

to chose or like for beste?
There is not one amongst them al
so pleasant to the eye,
Which hath not thousãd thoghts & cares
to lay the pleasures by.
Abroade the cutters rule the roste,
with frayes in euery stréte,
And daggers drawn wõ piercing points
in tender flesh do méte.
I thinke since Mundus firste was made
and Chaos framed out,
Such losse of liues was neuer yet
in countries rounde about,
Such searching out for Turkie blades
of high and loftie price,
Doth make the Cutler now-adayes
aloofte in wealth to rise.
The daggers nowe be al of stéele,
to slashe and cracke the crowne,
With hilts and pommels pounced out,
to beate their neighbors downe.
The bucklers made of beastly horne
whiche furious hande doth graspe,
In soake must lie before they fighte,
their enimies sworde to claspe:
And these be al the godly sights,
which we in stréte can finde,

At home the griefe of carking cares
do pinch our wearied minde.
Somtimes we feare the losse of house
by seruants retchlesse heede,
Sometimes we spend vp al our gaines
our householdefolkes to feede.
The country al is ful of cares,
and plowes must play their parte,
If hoped Haruest we will haue,
to glad our heauy hearte.
The seas be ful of ragged rockes,
and sands to sincke thy shippe,
Whose billowes beating on thy barke
doth make it mounte and skip.
If thou abound in worldly wealth
and bags be stuffed vp,
For feare of sword or flashing flame
thou canst not dine or suppe.
Againe, if want do pinch thy purse,
when nought in chests be leftе,
Thē wilt thou wish thy bones in graue
and life with purse bereftе.
If thou be linckte in marriage knot,
who can expresse thy care?
And if thou haste no wife at all,
ful simply thou shalt fare.
To find thy sonnes which thou hast got,

wil aske great paine and cost,
And then thou seemest left alone
when al thy sonnes be lost.
If youthly yeares doe thee bedecke
with beauties riche aray,
Then fanties fonde wil rage in head
for youth must haue his sway.
If crooked age haue dryde thy limmes,
and sucked vp thy sappe,
The hoarie haires foreshew, that death
wil bring his fatall happe.
What then is left for man to wishe,
thus borne and nursste in griefe,
What comforte shal he seeke on earth
to find him some reliefe.
The best is either not be borne
by mothers pensiue paine.
Or after death, from where he came
straightwaies to turne againe.

A proofe of the contrary parte.

THe waye that man in life can take
doth shewe a passage free,
And al things in this worlde so wide
vnto his minde agree.
On enery side the blinded dame

doth faune with flattering face,
And golden bagges to painful men,
come tumbling in apace,
If thou doste walke through Countrey
thy senses to delight, (coasts
The flourishing fieldes where thou dost
wil yéelde a comely sight, (passe
At home thy house in order kepte
by huswiues learned skil,
With sundry sparkes & gladsome ioyes
thy dazled eies wil fil.
The bushie woods wil thée refresh,
if there thou séeke to dwell,
And will afforde their holsome hearbes
with scent of swéetest smell.
There birdes on bowes do chirp & sing
with swéetely sounding voice,
Whose trickle tunes and heauēly noise
wil greatly thée reioice
If thou canst not with gotten gwdes
thy wife and thée sustaine,
The seas wil hoise thée sone aloste
through gripes of golden gaine.
And if thou were in poore estate
and fortunes giftes do faile,
This Goddesse oft can frowne & laughe
and therefore do not quaile.

And

And haſte thou met with maryed mate
then finely ſhalt thou fare:
Or haſt thou not? tuſh, Bachilers
do fæle no worldly care.
If God with iſſue hathe thée bleſt,
reioice in fathers name:
For why, thy ſons when thou art deade
ſhal ſtil diſplay thy fame.
If thou haſte none, thy coſte is leſſe,
and quiet ſhal be more,
And haſte no cauſe, within thy cheſts
ſome golde for them to ſtore.
In youth thy limmes be ſtout and ſtrõg
e. he trade of life to beare,
In age great worſhip thou ſhalt haue
to decke thy hoarie heare.
And therefore I can ſée no cauſe
of this thy fonde deſire,
That ſwne to dye or not to liue
thou ſhouldeſt thus require.
Content thée onely with thy lotte.
and like thy chaunces all,
And thou ſhalt finde ſome honeſt life
in euery place to fall.
Thou muſte abide to ſtay a while,
if fortune wil not ſerue,
Thou ſéest eche thing dothe not ſuccéede

as men sometimes deserue.
But after stormes be gone and paste,
the Sunne doth shewe his lighte,
And after paines of pouertie
some wealth appeares in sight.

A comforte to one that was
blinde.

THogh other haue their sight at will
With vaine delights their mind to (fil,
Yet when the day is paste away
The night hir pleasures doth display:
Then blinde doth see as wel as he
That hath most perfect eyes to see.

The losse of eies is losse of vice,
Which through the eyes in heart dothe (rise,
The eies do kindle first the flame
And heart doth nourish vp the same:
But blindnesse cannot once perceiue
With follie reason to deceiue.

O happy *Troy* haddest thou bene
If eies faire Helene had not seene,
Thy mighty wals might yet haue stood,
Which *Greece* destroyd in angry mode.

In fame thou Lucrece mightst haue died
If Tarquine had thee not espied.

Thus eies be workers of our woe
Stil seeking vs to ouerthrowe,
And seemely sights that shewe so gay
Be framing of our deepe decay
And therfore happy thrice is he
Which sinful sights couldе neuer see.

Of a Gentleman that was slaine in Scotlande.

When fortunes force is bent
t he mightie to assaile,
The subtile shifts with wary wiles
in strength may not preuaile.
As I, whose loftie state
did once surmount the skie,
Am faine at length with trembling pen
my fate for to descrie.
For when my aged yeares
did youthly time forsake,
To Scottish soile most known by fame
my iorney I did take.
When here I did ariue
stil fortune did encrease,

And guilded lumps of coined golde
with cattell did not cease.
O then I did bewaile
the fortune of my friends,
Yet I my selfe had no respecte
vnto my latter endes.
But euen as fortune faunde,
so courage did augment,
And gan to curse my former yeares
whiche were so basely spent.
What hurte might hap to me,
or what misfortune chaunce:
Whome glorious state, whome princes
did alwayes so aduaunce? (feate
Though mightie Ioue at me
had cast his thundring flame,
Therewith me thought he neuer coulde
haue stainde my worthy name.
My honoure was so high,
my riches were so greate,
That neither man nor God himselfe
of them coulde me defeate.
I was a subiect vile
as eche man wel might see:
Yet man on earth I thought my selfe
a God in heauen to be.
Such were the vaine delightes

of my vnconstant minde,
That climbing still, I neuer coulde
a place of restlng finde.
Til at the length on toppe
of high and rich renowne.
I straight for want of fastnesse fote
came tumbling headlong down.
And here in wofull plight
my chaunce I do lament,
Which all the Gods vppon my soule
by iuste reuenge haue sente.
Eche man by me take hede -
for mounting vp to high,
The hils abide the whirling winds,
when dales in safetie lie.
But nowe beholde the blade,
which glittereth as the Sunne,
Beholde my ende, the Ladies thrée
my fatall thréede haue spunne.

A mery dialogue betwixte Iohn and Ione, striuing who shall weare the Breeches.

Ione.

By Gisse I thinke I was accurst
to match with such a man,

What

What one could see his wife go thus,
as this my husbande can?
I moyle, I toile, and cannot get
a new coate for my paines,
By might or right he wil not spare
a penny of his gaines.
I wil no more dresse supper therfore,
the wretch shall tend to the rost,
I will make him kiss posts, if he be not
and suffer me to be host. (hostesse

Iohn.

Why Ione I pray thée be content,
if ought I haue offended,
I wil betome a better man,
and all shall be amended:
But haste makes wast, thou knowst thy
and therfore waite my leysure, (selfe,
And wife, thy life to my poore state
shall want no honest pleasure.
But sée that my meat, thou dresse me to
or else I will not loue thée, (eate,
And if ỹ wilt weare thy husbands geare,
then shalt thou be aboue me.

Ione.

My Iohn, why do you thus complaine,
that substance wil not serue

To buy such clothing to my backe
as I doe wel deserue?
May I not buy one peticote
of all thy gathered goode,
To fil my will? if thou list not
I wil my selfe be bolde.
And therefore chose, for if you refuse,
then can I tarry no longer,
But wil by strength get ol at length,
and proue my selfe the stronger.

Iohn.

Good wife be quiet for a while,
and leaue thy womans hearte,
And if I finde ynough for me,
then shalt thou haue a parte.
Cease Ione to mone, ỳ shalte haue one
that I may haue an other,
What woulde or coulde a sister more
entreate of hir owne brother?
But stil thy minde, and thou shalte find
howe farre my purse wil reach:
Least ỳ our armes to our great harmes,
beyond our sleeues do streatch.

Ione.

Nay Iohn, I must be serued first,
take thou that is behinde,

And

And thou shalt see how honestly
I wil content my minde.
Perchaunce a daunce I will thee leade,
more than thou learndst at schoole,
To make thee take the better heede
howe thou dost trust a fole,
And now I care not, & therefore I spare
to tell thee what is my wil: (not
And if thou liste to scape my fist,
my minde thou must fulfill.

Iohn.

God gentle Ione with-hold thy hands,
this once let me entreate thee,
And make me promise neuer more
that thou shalte minde to beate me,
For feare ye weare the wispe good wife,
and make our neighbors ride,
Which fain would straine their legs at
before this palfrey stride. (length
But this wil I do, if thy mind be therto,
to trie by right and reason,
Which of vs twaine deserues to gaine
the rule at this same season.

Ione.

Now Iohn ye makst thy match amisse,

to reason with thy wife,
For thou shalte see how swete I can
obtaine my wished life.
I trowe I knowe whence Adam came,
euen from the filthie ground,
But Eue did grieue hir huldandes sides
til she a ribbe had founde,
From hence she toke hir liuing loke,
by hir we all do gaine
To rule by right, and not by might,
the house where we remaine.

Iohn.

What Ione, though Adam from the dust,
his humaine forme did take,
And Eue of man already made,
receiude hir womans shape?
Mouldde he agree to giue hir more
than he himselfe hadde got,
Or let hir haue a better chaunce
by force of luckie lot?
He was the firste, she laste, and worst,
and therefore commes behinde,
He was the whole, til she had stole
a ribbe to please hir minde.

Ione.

Nay Iohn, I wil not leaue it thus,
there is a doubte of mine,
Which if thou canst resolue, perchaunce
I wil my right resigne.
What thing doth bring this name to vs
that men vs huswiues call,
If yee agree, the house to men
by due deserte to fall?
For women then musse play the men,
and ride about the land,
And men must reele, and wind ỳ wheele
with distaffe in their hande.

Iohn.

Not so my Ione, we giue you leaue
to rule the house arighte,
Bycause the same in huswiues hands
doth shewe a better sight.
But when we men do list to rule,
the choice to vs is free,
And so I know the right you haue
is but at our decree.
And therefore wife, leaue off thy strife
and take me for thy head,
And let vs keepe for vs to sleepe
an vndefiled bed.

A dozen of Points sent by a Gentlewoman to hir louer for a Newyeres gift.

AS I on Newyeares day
Did walke amidst the stréte,
My restlesse eies for you my harte
Did séke a fairing méete.
I searcht throughout the faire,
But nothing coulde I find,
No no, of all thers was not one
That would content my minde.
But al the bothes were fulle,
With fancies fonde attire,
And trifling toyes were set to sale,
For them that woulde require.
Then to my selfe (quoth I)
What meanes these childiche knackes?
Is all the faire for children made,
Or fooles that bables lackes?
Are these the gouly gifts
The newe yeare to begin
Which friends presēt vnto their friends
Their faith and loue to win?
I sée I came in vaine,
My labour al is losse,

I wil departe and kéepe my purse
From making any cost.
But sée my happy chaunce,
Whilst I dio haste away,
Dame Vertue doth display hir bothe
My hastie féete to stay:
I ioyfull of the sight,
Did prease vnto the place,
To sée the tricke and trimmed tente
For such a Ladies grace.
And after I had viewde
Eche thing within hir seate,
I founde a knot of péerelesse pointes
Beset with posies neate:
These points, in number twelue
Did shewe themselues to be,
The sense whereof by Poets skill
I wil declare to thée.
1 With meate before thée set,
Suffice but natures scant.
2 Be sure thy tong at table time
No sober talke do want.
3 Let word, let thought and déede
In honest wise agrée.
4 And loke that pore in time of néed
Thy helping hande may sée.
5 When foes inuade the realme,

Then shew thy might and strength,
6 Tel truth in place where ỹ dost come
For falshode faileth at length.
7 Be faste and firme to friende,
As thou wouldst him to be.
8 Be shamefast there, where shamefull
Be offered vnto thée. (dædes
9 Weare not such costly clothes,
As are not for thy state.
10 Heare ech mans cause, as though he
In wealth thine equall mate. (were
11 In place thy maners shewe
In right and comely wise.
12 From thée let peace and quietnesse,
And warres from others rise.
With these twelue vertuous pointes,
Sée thou doe tye thée rounde,
And like and loue this simple gift,
Till better may be founde.
Yet one point thou doste lacke
To tye thy hose before.
Loue me as I loue thée, and shall
From hence for euermore. Farewell.

In commendation of Patience.

FOr eche mischance and hurtful hap
that fortune sékes to sende,

A comforte and a remedy
dame Patience stil doth lende.
She feeles no force of flashing flames,
nor stroke af boistrous blow,
She cares not for the thunderboltes
which mightie Ioue doth throwe.
She bids thee stil to wish the best,
and thinke on hardy haps,
But chaunce what may, she never cares
for Fortunes cruel claps.

To E. W. in praise of hir marriage,
with certaine precepts
of Matrimonie.

MUse not at this my bolde attempt
so rashly here begonne,
Cease Lady to request of me
the cause why this is done.
Thinke not that this is my intent,
to feede thy fancies fume,
Or yet beyond dame Reasons rules
in writing to presume:
Ne yet to paint in glorious hue
your praise of beautie braue,
Or else your milde and pleasant lookes
in golden verse to graue.

Your comelinesse with grace ymixte
I might by penne declare,
And many a gifte whiche nature hath
bestowde on you so rare.
But this your fame excœdeth all,
and farre by force doth flie,
Which leauing these inferior spheares,
doth mount to Christall skie.
This fame did firste prouoke my pen
your graces to reueale,
Whiche I before in doleful heart,
with griefe did stil conceale.
The smoke dothe nowe begin to flame,
and more appeares in sight,
Your glorious gifts lying hid so long
are nowe come forth to light.
O happy wight that dost possesse
so rare and wise a wife,
I thinke no God of all the Gods
dothe leade so pleasaunt life.
A maide she was, a matrone nowe,
a virgin pure before,
But nowe a chaste and worthy dame,
stil led by wisedomes lore.
O happy race from whence she came,
O happy parents yée,
That lyuing in such happy state

your children thus may see.
What Art by wit of humaine heade,
what Nature coulde haue wrought,
Or else by long experience,
in mortall things be sought,
Beholde in hir the liuely glasse
the paterne true as steele,
Beholde how Lady Temperance
by hir doth pleasure feele.
Apollo nowe repents himselfe
for counting Daphne faire,
And wisheth to reuoke hir limmes,
and hir transformed haire:
I knowe that al his phisike rotes
coulde neuer cure the wounde,
If once by sight he might attaine
your beautie to haue founde.
Nowe Paris wisheth once againe
his golden ball in hande,
And you the fourth among the Queenes
in presence once to stande.
On you I knowe the ball woulde light,
as fayrest there to be,
That euer he with gazing eye
in fertile soile could see.
In life a chaste Penelope,
in face you Helene are,

Whose rape didde cause the wandring
to yælde to many a care. (prince
But leaue we these your graces all,
and come we to our end,
For which this pleasant Poetrie
we minded firste to sende.
I knowe the knots and binding bands,
whiche linked hath your loue,
Whereby your faith and truth is plight
in God that sits aboue.
My minde is therefore to repeate
suche things as I coulde réde,
Whereon the branch of amitie
as on a rote may fæde.
1 First flie offence, beware of bate
whilst yet the plants be yong,
Take héede that no vpbraiding wordes
within your talke be sprong.
The wood late glewde sone loseth holde
if stresse thereto be made,
And where newe married mates doe
there loue ful sone doth fade. (strine,
2 As fire in straw forthwith doth burn,
and straight way wareth colde,
Unlesse by chaunce of greater trés
through force it catcheth holde,
So flaming loue doth lose his flame,

if wisedome be not there,
Which may direct their wauering thou-
within some godly feare. (ghtes
3 The Moone ful bright dothe shewe hir
if Phœbus hide his face, (selfe
Or else he doth by glistring beames,
hir brightnesse quite disgrace.
But you must stil set forth your selfe,
in presence of your mate,
And in his absence keepe the house
in lowe and humble state.
4 Euen as the glasse adorned with gold,
and set with shining stone,
Is nothing worth, if that of formes
it representeth none:
So is that wife nought worth in sale,
which bringeth many a pounde,
If nothing else but wantonnesse,
within hir breast be founde.
5 Where Muses moste do meete
there learning taketh rote,
And where the cunning clarks do come,
there Vertue steps in fote:
So godly men make godly dames,
as we by vse doe trie,
And where the husband most frequents,
the wife will thither hie.

If he be chaste, she wil be chaste,
if not, she wil no more,
And loke what plaister heals his woūd,
the same wil cure hir sore.
6 Your huscandes care muste be youre
with him to laugh and wæpe, (owne
And if his eies can take no rest,
you must not sæke to slæpe.
If he do watche you must arise,
though soft you lie in bed
This is the pleasaunt nourishment
wherewith your lone is fed.
7 Marke Helene gaping after golde,
sæ Paris longing lust,
Sæ Ioue his wrath what it hath wrought
by plagues so due and iust:
But view that pure Penelope,
and marke Vlysses witte,
How all the stops of marriage songs
accord in them so fitte.
8 The wife when she doth view hir self
within hir lœking glasse,
Although hir beautie be but browne
she must not crie alas:
Though face be foule, yet nature can-
not manners hir deny.
So you which are so faire likewise,

wyth

with wordes muste thus replie:
What though I haue these christall cheeks,
With Roses two beset?
Yet me to be a Dame diuine
who can deny or let?
Lo, whilst I search the worthy wittes
some precepts more to call to minde,
In you I see a thousand moe,
than I in Writers wel can finde.

A defence of scholers pastimes in ryding abroade at Christmas times.

SInce ech man seekes for his disport
the life that likes him best,
Why should not scholers beaten brains
sometime in quiet rest?
The countrey churle doth ofte delight
in huge and heauy heapes,
And when the bagges be stuffed full,
for ioy the miser leapes.
The Merchant ioyes to heare his barke
returnde in safetie home,
Which lately tossde with Aeols impes,
did force the floudes to fome.

If fields begin to florishe once,
and yelde their due encrease,
The plowmans legs, his heart & mind
from ioy wil neuer cease.
The seruant sekes by sundry shifts
to winne his maisters will:
The wife with pleasant passtime thinks
hir husbands mind to fil.
Why should not we haue our delights,
as ech man hath beside,
Sometimes to study harde at home,
sometimes abroade to ride?
Ful ofte the boke doth dull the witte,
the letters blinde the eye,
Too often reading of a worde
al profite doth deny.
Our senses ofte be senseleslie made
in beating of our braine;
Much like the stone whose lumpish lode
doth ouerweigh the Waine.
No maruel then if we do seke
for ease of *Cambridge* care,
To course aboute the Countrey coastes
to mende our former fare.
We knowe that vertues learned lore
is holesome for the heart:
Yet pleasure oft whē learning leaues,
must

must play a pleasant part.
Our minds they are for Muses made
and nusled in their laps:
But yet our bodies seeke some sportes
for feare of hurtfull haps:
And thus we hope to pleasure both,
sometimes by reading bookes,
And otherwhiles with ioyful view
of countries louing lookes.
Then marvel not ye Ladies all
if students shew some sport,
Since euery one in Christmasse time
to countries wil resorte:
This time was made for merry makes,
to ende their ruthfull mone,
For now the Gods and Goddesses
lie hidden euery one.
Vulcanus onely workes in shop,
and blowes his bellowes blast,
Whose thũping thumps with hãmers (hard
makes other Smiths agast,
Now Tom commes lugging logges,
but Wil must helpe him in,
And so the flames to flash abroade
through chimney tops begin.
Then store of stories walkes aboute,
with cuppes of nappie ale,

And

And he is like to beare the bowe
that telleth not his tale.
Why then shold Scholers bide at home
within their students sorts,
Sith towne and countrey doth affford
such games and pleasant sportes?

A promise of faithful friendship
to his friende.

WHilst life shall lasse, till death deny
in earth my ghosse to bide,
Let fortune frown with lothsome lowe,
let al hir force be tride,
I wil not cease to like your loue,
although the Gods forsweare,
My body yet a faithfull heart
euen to the graue shall beare.
What though our state be farre vnlike,
I wil not therefore leaue,
None, what birth or parentage
can let our hearts to cleaue?
Haue then my simple sute in minde
engrauide within your breast,
That though greate troubles tosse ours
yet there the same may rest. (lous,

A comforte or consolation to one that had buried his wife.

What meanes these sighes & sobs my (friend
Tormenting stil your wofull hart?
What means these pale & deadly looks
Transforming euery limme and parte?
What means this beting of your brests
With heauie hande of lumpish lead?
Why doth your colour come and go,
As though forthw̃ you would be dead?
I knowe thy losse, I know thy griefe,
Thy wife is gone thy chiefe reliefe.

But what can teares reuoke hir life?
Wil weeping fetche hir from hir graue?
Can thousand thoughts of wofull spirite
Hir vitall breath in body saue?
Then cease not sorrowes sæde to sowe,
And I wil helpe with mourning mind,
We both wil ioyn in plaints and cries,
Til we hir breath in breast do finde:
But all in vaine I knowe we crie,
For she doth rest in starrie skie.

If she were good (as good she was)
Then either God hir so did sende,
Or else by paine and helping hand
Thou madste hir good before hir end:
If thou didst finde hir good at first,
Then hope to finde as good againe:
If thou didst make hir good thy selfe,
Thy worke is gone, yet Arte remaines:
Then vse thy arte and make the like,
That sorrow may no longer strike.

Reuoke thy senses to themselues,
Let reason rule thy rash aduise
Consider how that all do goe
To earth, that from the earth do rise.
Who maruels if the fading floure,
That standeth now so fresh in field,
To morrow quite hath loste his place,
And al his leaues to earth do the yelde?
Then earth to earth, and dust to dust,
From whence it came, returne it must.

This for thy comforte thou shalt haue
To aide thée in thy deepe distresse,
That death is common vnto all,
And none for hir can haue redresse:
The rich, the poore, the fonde, the wise.

The Prince whome all on earth obey,
Eche one by dint of doleful death
Must passe throughout this beate way,
One birth we haue, one ending al,
Take wel in worth what doth befall.

If friend in time of scarcitie
Some golde of him would bid thée set,
When he shal come to aske his owne
Couldst thou in heart deny the debt?
When friend of friendes, when God of (Gods
A wise so freely to thée lente,
And if he aske his borrowed ware,
Wilt thou misliike his iust intent?
Content thée therfore with thine owne,
Giue him the fruit that séede hath sown.

I feare my wordes wil proue but wind,
I knowe the cause of al thy paine,
The place encreaseth trickling teares
Where thou in presence dost remaine.
Lo here the Chamber (ofte thou saist)
Where maried mates at first did méete,
Here stands the bed where first we laide
Our liuely limmes and ioyfull féete:
Beholde hir chest of iewels fine,
Which I hir gaue when she was mine.

If thou doste mind, secure of cares
To leade this long and lothsome life,
Make merry mates thy friends a while,
Til thou haste quite forgot thy wife,
Sometimes in fielde let Fawcon flie,
Whē game is sprung frō off the groūd,
Sometimes to finde the squatting hare,
Let lose abroad thy hunting hounde:
Or else consider of the rest,
What kinde of pastime likes thée beste.

When lumpish limmes ȳ séekst to ease,
Lye not in careful couch alone,
But séeke a friende, whose comfort may
Withhold thy eyes from ruthful mone,
For else I know that dolefull dreames,
Wil beate & bruse thy battered braine,
And fancies fonde in slumbring slēpe,
A thousand thoughtes in thée wil raise:
And feare of this, and feare of that
Wil worke in head I knowe not what.

But whilst I search for al the meanes
That Art or Nature can deuise,
There is no comforte like to that,
Which from thy bookes to thée shal rise:
Here loke what reason cannot prove,

Nor sayings sage confirme in minde,
That pleasure filde with fyne conceites,
In sémely sorte wil quickly finde.
And driue away these doleful dumps,
That lyes at heart in loathsome lumps

Farewell my friende,
From sorrow ce ase,
Make here an ende,
Thy griefe to ease.

Howe necessarie the intermission of studie is for Scholers.

When braines be brusde in searching (out
the depths of Science skil,
When sappe of wit is soaked vp,
with lothsome learnings fill,
When bookes be heaped vp in head,
and wordes come rolling in,
The minde is dull, and knoweth not
what thing it shoulde begin.
It standeth musing in a maze
which way is best to go,
And doubting of the better choice,
it wandreth to and fro.
But when that vertue goes before,

and pleasures waite behinde,
Then bothe conioinde by lines of loue,
a double profite finde.
And loke what labour doth detract
from sharpnesse of the witte,
So much doth pastime stil encrease
to kéepe it alwayes fitte.
The horse that champes on foming bit,
and pawes with hoofe on grounde,
With pampred meate for labours toile
in stable must be founde.
When Ore hath laboured al the day,
at euening it is méete,
Th at he with meate in maunger put
on plankes shoulde rest his féete.
And what is man a monster then,
such endlesse paines to beare,
That al his wittes he may abide
vnto the stumps to weare?
Hath nature giuē him stronger limmes
than beasts of sauage sorte,
To bide stil buzzing at his booke
without some pleasant sporte?
Then where is Musiks swétely sound?
hence Lute, thou hast no vse,
Hence sounding Cittern frō our eares,
since students thée refuse.

No, man is man, he is no birde
abiding in his cage,
He wil not be in prison put,
therein to spende his age:
He loues and likes of libertie,
as Nature doth him will,
And sekes his mind somtimes w̃ bookes
sometimes with sporte to fill:
He knoweth well the fallowe fieldes
wil yelde a great encrease:
For ground is twice as fertile made,
when yearely ploughs do cease:
But when the furrowes stil be filde,
and sowne with mixers corne,
The eare is thinne, the stalke is weake,
whereon the eare is borne,
The land hath quite consumde hir hart,
hir vaines are dryde away,
Hir fatnesse all is soaked vp,
and brought vnto decay.
So witte, at length is witlesse made,
that beateth stil on booke,
And in the ende, it may be sure
for profite small to looke.

The conquering Louer.

THou Laurel, thou triumphant tree,
the winners right rewarde,
Whose braches braue, with godly guise
eche victors head muste guarde.
Knit vp thy knottes in bended boughs,
and me thy Garlande giue,
Which after many bloudy broiles,
a conquering Captaine liue.
For why? I haue within my hande,
The fairest Lady in this lande,
Both life and godes with hart and all,
To come to me when I shall call.

Is not this pray most worthy praise,
how thinke you Ladies all,
Would you not wish vpon your selfe
such fortune to befall?
Whom barres did bolte, whom keepers (kept,
whom lockes did locke within,
For whome the Art of Iron worke,
had wrought ful many a gin:
Euen hir I haue within my hande,
The fairest Lady of this lande,
Both life and godes with hearte, &c.

I bent my bow to winne the walles,
my bow couldе not preuaile,
And therefore by some other wiles,
I did this fort assaile
I chose my heart to be my gunne,
mine eies to be the matche,
The pouder was my burning loue,
on hir some holde to catche.
And thus I caught within my hande
The fairest Lady of this lande,
Both life and goodes, with heart and al,
To come to me when I shall call.

Let Captaines cease in wonted wise
to boast of all their foyles,
Let *Rome* and *Greece* hereafter leaue
to speake of al their spoiles:
I had no helpe of horse nor man,
alone I won the fielde,
I was bothe horse and man my selfe
that made hir for to yeelde.
And thus I haue within my hande
The fairest Lady of this lande,
Both life and goodes with heart and al,
To come to me when I shall call.

Thou God of Loue, thou blinded boy.

to thée I part my praise,
To whom the stoutest God wil stoupe,
whome heauen and earth obayes.
By thée the stocke before vnknowne
now coupled is in kinne,
By thée the foes so fierce before,
to loue wil now begin.
By thée I haue within my hande,
The fairest Lady of this lande,
Both life and gōdes with heart and al,
To come to me when I shall call.

What pen can paint these ioyful ioyes,
what thought can wel conceiue,
Which I so ful and perfectly
with leaping heart receiue?
Come death, come work thy wil on me,
ye furies trie your force,
I care not now, my hardned heart
shal suffer no remorse.
For why? I haue within my hand,
The fairest Lady of this lande,
Both life and gods, with heart and al,
To come to me when I shall call.

Let fortune frown with bēded browes,
and turne hir winding whéle,

Let me by losse of all my goodes
hir deepe displeasure feele:
Let sicknesse shake my heauy head,
let sorrow bruse my braine,
With thousãd thoughts of sighs & sobs.
so that my loue remaine.
For why: I haue within my hand,
The fairest Lady of this lande,
Both life and goodes, with heart and al,
To come to me when I shall call.

I thinke my selfe in Paradise
if once I be in bed,
Me thinke suche sundry sorte of trées
do hang about my head:
Shée seemes within the midst thereof
the trée of life to be,
Which may deceiue with pleasãt fruit,
eche one that doth hir see,
And thus I haue within my hand, &c.

God graunt eache woman in hir kinde,
may thus content hir mate,
Then hornes shonlde not come rushing
at euery open gate. (in
The wãton neighbors should not reape
where others ought to sowe:

In forhead then, for want of rooke
such buddes shoulde neuer growe.
And thus I haue within my hand, &c.

For whom this booke was made especially, and whom the Authour excepteth from reading it.

NOw that I haue my gardē trimm'd
and deckte in freshly dye,
And all my beddes are set with floures
moste pleasant to the eye:
For feare of spoyling al my fruite,
and stealing hearbes away,
A thornie hedge I haue preparde
al craftie theeues to fraye.
And least that no man durst assay,
for feare of thornie bushe,
And prickles piercing of his flesche,
within my grounde to rushe:
In midst thereof I haue preparde,
a gate both greate and strong,
To some it opes, to some it shuts,
that walkes this way along.
Who so doth come for pleasant hearbes
most braue in smel and shewe,

Of euery thing I graunte him some
that in my grounde doth growe:
And him I giue frée leaue likewise,
whome hope of gaine dothe bring,
To chose & take such wholsome hearbs,
as in my garden spring:
But those, which neither profite drines,
nor pleasure makes to come,
And yet forsoth against my will,
perforce they wil haue some,
For Caterpillers I them count,
and wormes that waste the trée,
And therfore to their comming in,
I wil not once agrée.
Farewell my friends, and wish to mée,
as I do wishe to you,
Farewell my foes, and vse that fare,
that biddeth me adue.

Aristoteles.

Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis veritas.

FINIS.

Mr Powrsbow Lymond drops
at the signe of the quenes
Arms by Ludgate

[illegible]